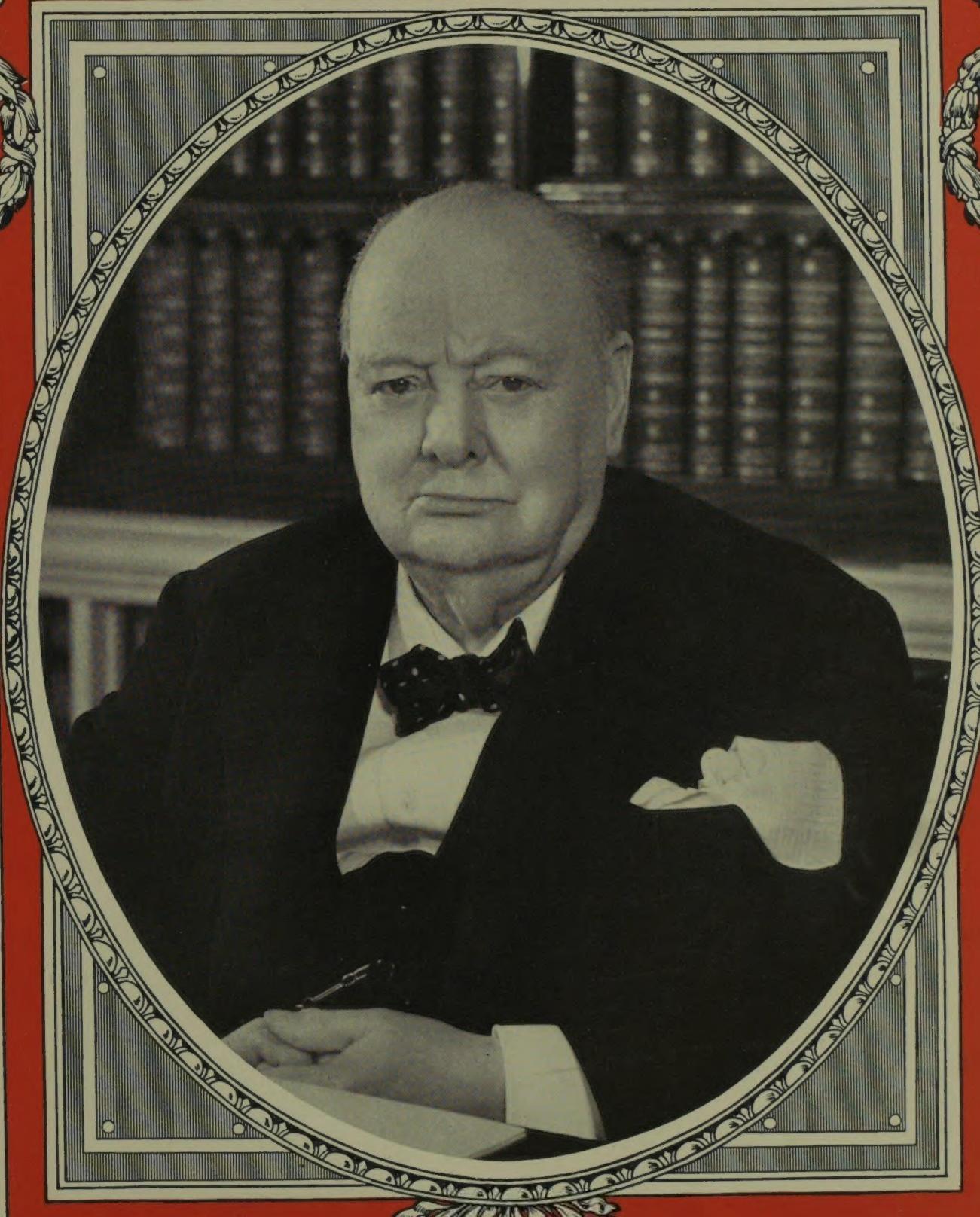


# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S  
80TH BIRTHDAY.



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*"Sailing plain and fancy"*

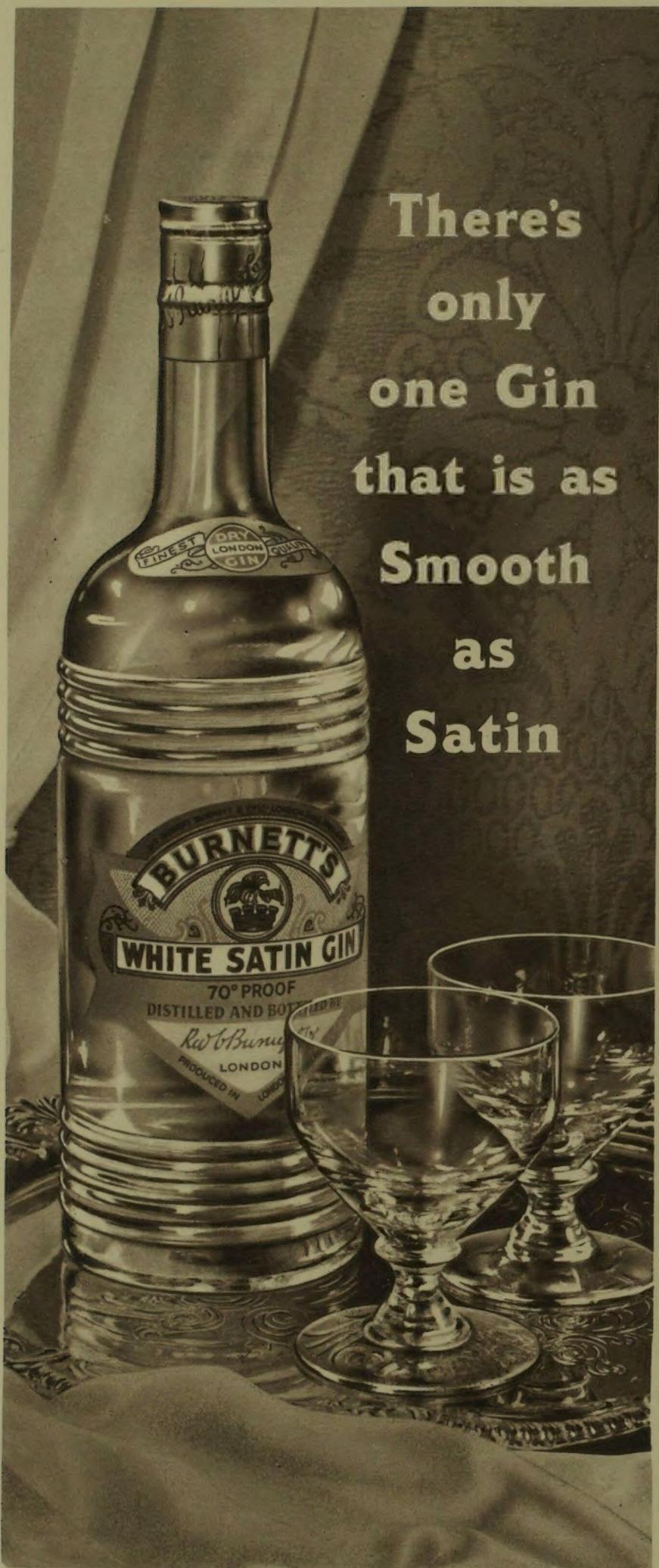
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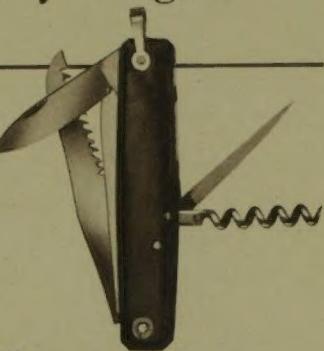
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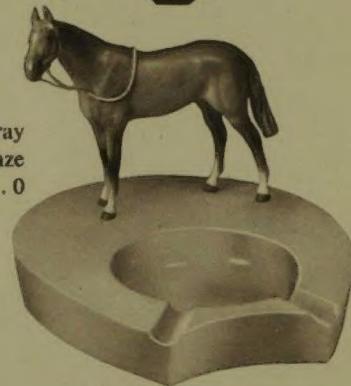
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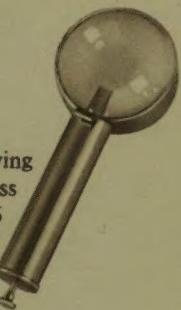
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racehorse £8. 15. 0



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shaker  
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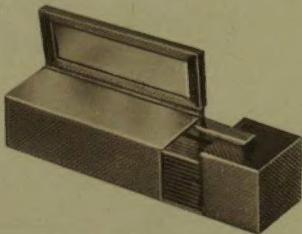
Clock,  
Thermometer and  
Barometer in pigskin  
case, and alarm £29. 1. 6



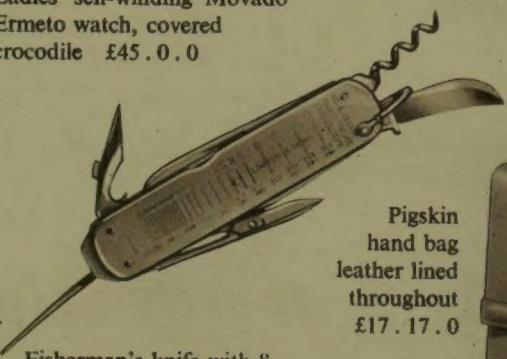
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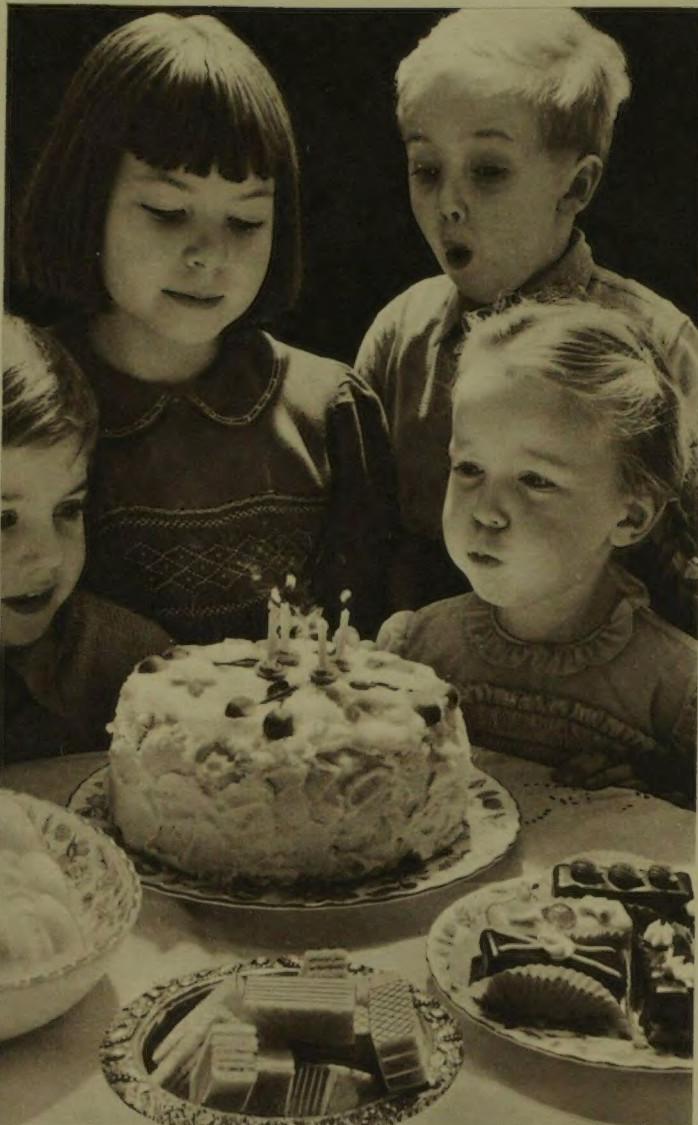


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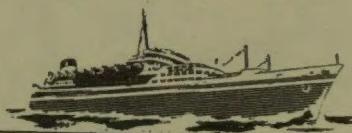
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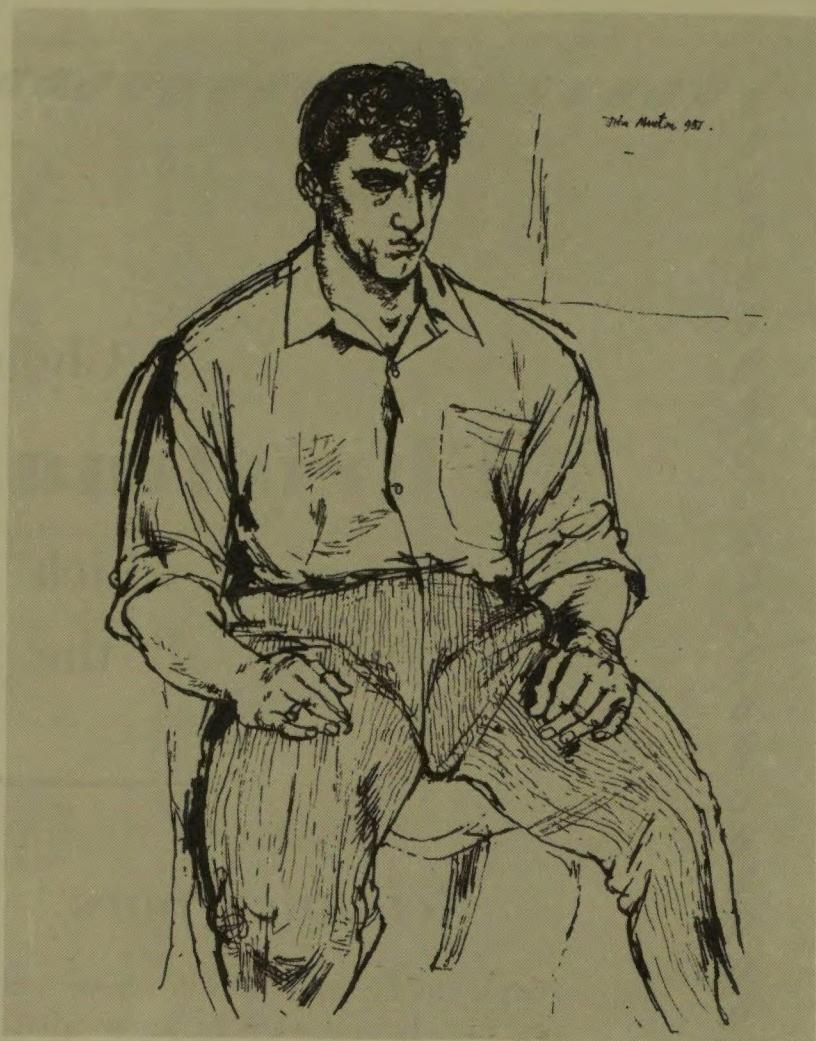


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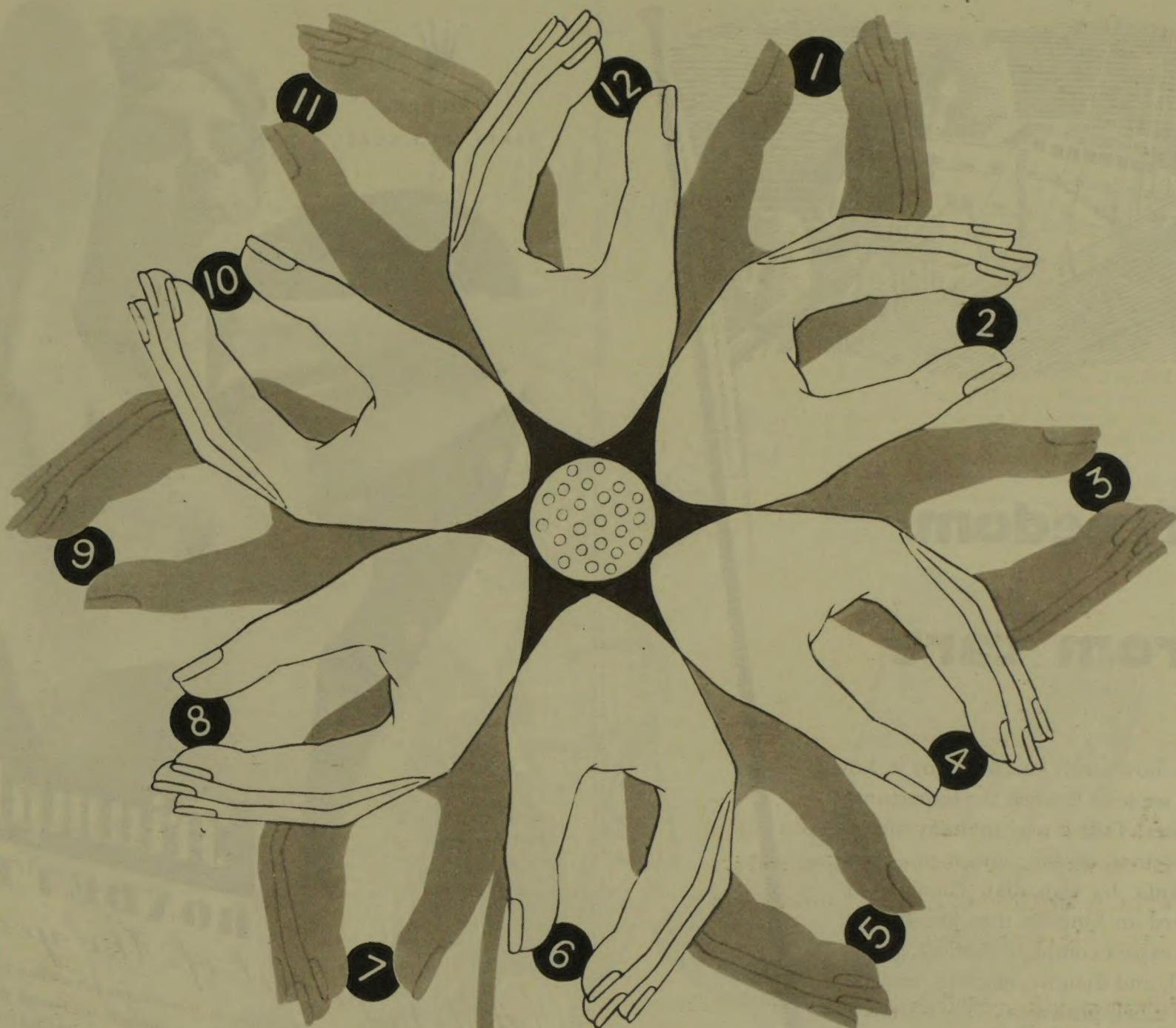
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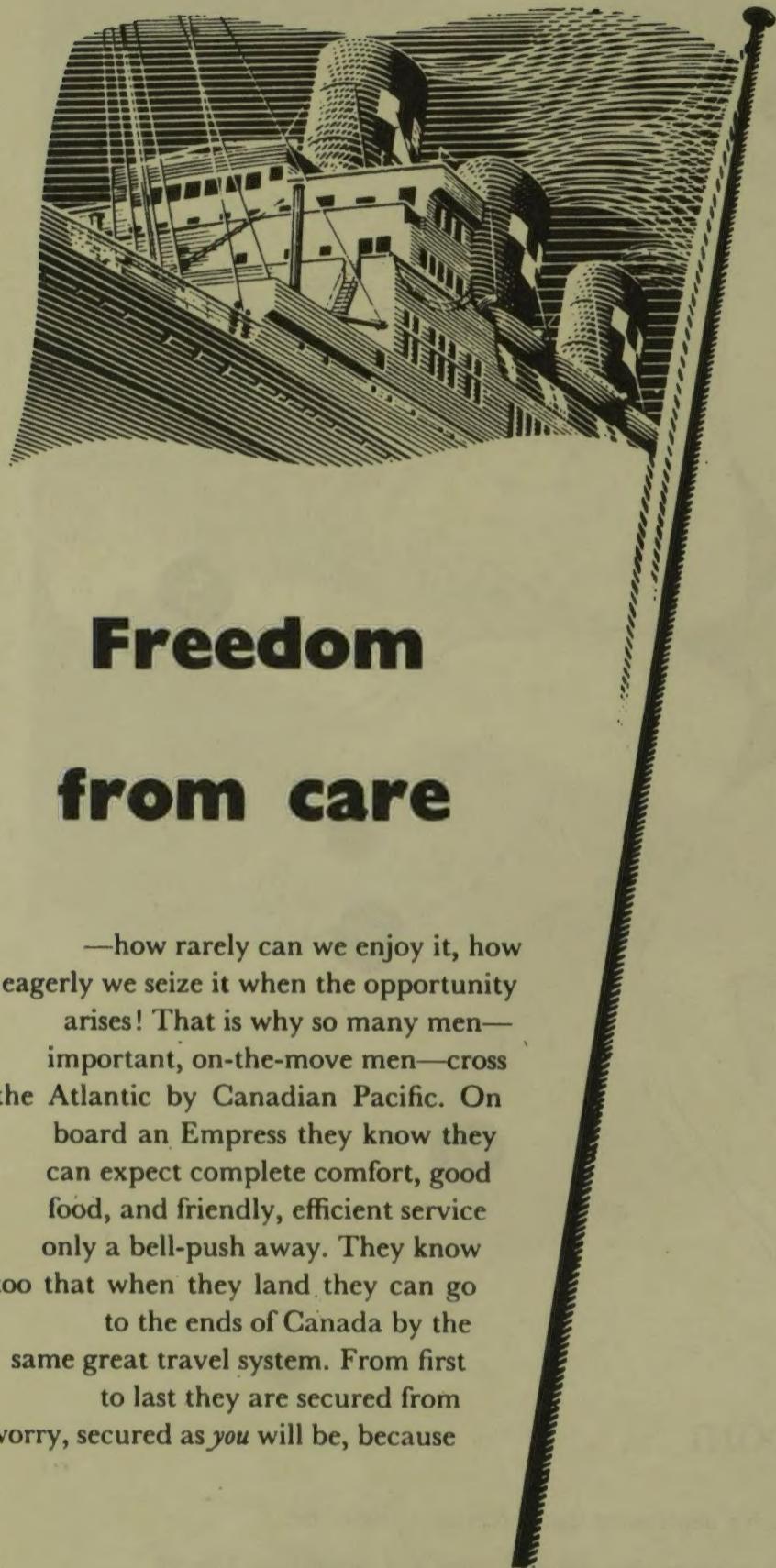
2 ALTERNATORS. 3 GENERATORS.

4 SWITCHGEAR. 5 B.E.T. TRANSFORMERS. 6 CABLES.

7 INSTRUMENTS. 8 LAMPS.

9 LIGHTING EQUIPMENT. 10 BATTERIES.

11 STUD WELDING EQUIPMENT. 12 TRACTION EQUIPMENT.

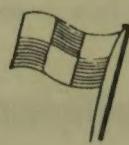


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—how rarely can we enjoy it, how eagerly we seize it when the opportunity arises! That is why so many men—important, on-the-move men—cross the Atlantic by Canadian Pacific. On board an Empress they know they can expect complete comfort, good food, and friendly, efficient service only a bell-push away. They know too that when they land they can go to the ends of Canada by the same great travel system. From first to last they are secured from worry, secured as you will be, because

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*A top model of the year*

with the new natural-mould shape in modern quilt-stitching. Fits the figure perfectly, delightful to wear, thanks to the Triumph elastic inserts running right to the top edge. The new-style FLEXANA insert in the bodice prevents rolling up, cutting or slipping.

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19 | 11

15 | 11

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#### **ALSACE**

On the French side of the Rhine, Alsace produces many white wines of distinction. The dry Riesling, the robust Traminer, the elegant pale-green Sylvaner, the full, medium Muscat—all are crisp, clean and fragrant.

#### **BORDEAUX**

The pure and fragrant red Bordeaux (Claret to us) include Médoc, St. Emilion, Pomerol, and many others. Of the excellent white wines, Graves is on the dry side, Sauternes richer and sweeter. From honest *ordinaires* to superb château wines, Bordeaux offer fine value at every price.

#### **BURGUNDY**

Rich and full-bodied, the red Burgundies—Beaune, Nuits, Mâcon, Beaujolais, and many others—are perfect with roasts and grills. White Burgundies include fresh, dry Chablis and Pouilly Fuissé, golden Montrachet and Meursault.

#### **CHAMPAGNE**

The wine districts of Epernay, Rheims and Ay are consecrated to the production of a French miracle—



Champagne, sparkling wine of sparkling gaiety! Champagne is the perfect drink for any festive occasion, and can be enjoyed from hors-d'œuvre to dessert.

#### **LANGUEDOC/PROVENCE, ROUSSILLON AND ALGERIA**

The sun-baked south of France, between Atlantic and Mediterranean, produces delicious wines—red, white and rosé—famous locally but less known abroad. These wines, and those of Algeria, are modestly priced and excellent value.

#### **RHONE**

Much the best-known of the Côtes du Rhône wines is the glorious Châteauneuf du Pape from near Avignon. But there are many other favourites—such as Hermitage, Côte-Rôtie, and Tavel rosé.

#### **TOURAINE/ANJOU**

From the valleys of the Loire and the Cher come the fresh and ever-refreshing Rosé d'Anjou; delicate Vouvray, both still and sparkling; fruity Saumur; and Muscadet, with its distinctive fragrance.

# Welcome to the glorious WINES OF FRANCE

*A Kodachrome photograph*

## *A fine city, NORWICH*

Though not strictly a "garden city", Norwich is certainly a city of gardens; both public and private and at castle and cottage. The charming tree-bordered park pictured here in its autumn garb, is Chapel Field Gardens, right in the heart of the city, and once the pasture of the ancient College of St. Mary. Bounded on one side by the old city wall and on another by fine Georgian houses, the third side is fronted by large modern factory premises.

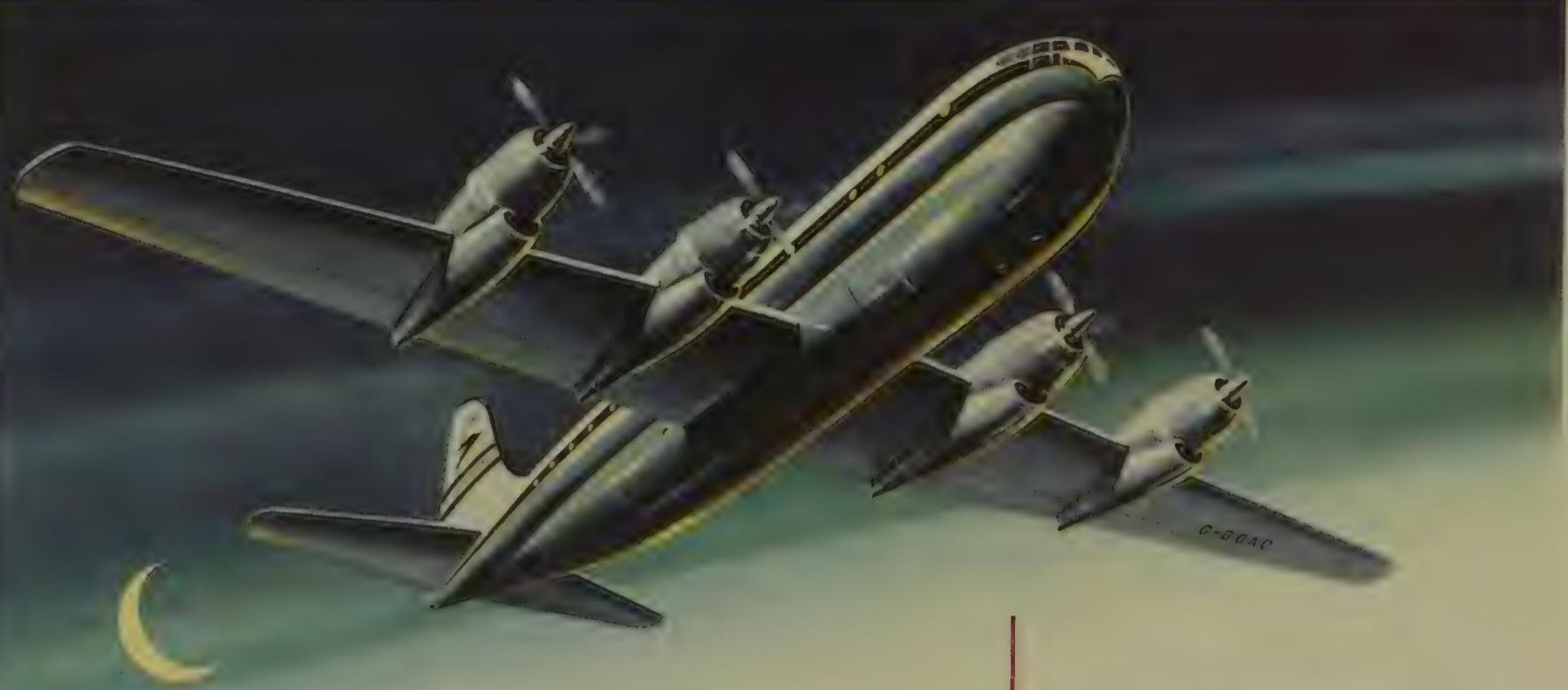
For Norwich is not the legendary cathedral city, living solely on past glories; it is a progressive place, the thriving business life of which is exemplified by such famous organisations as the Norwich Union Insurance Societies, whose world-wide ramifications today provide in over seventy countries an insurance service second to none.



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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1954.



THE GREATEST FIGURE OF OUR TIME, WHOM ALL THE WORLD WILL SALUTE ON NOVEMBER 30—HIS 80TH BIRTHDAY:  
SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, THE PRIME MINISTER, WITH LADY CHURCHILL.

Sir Winston Churchill, whom all the world will salute on his eightieth birthday (Tuesday next, November 30), looks back on unprecedented achievements as leader in war and peace, statesman and inspired servant of Crown and Country—and he has found the years of his great career to be good. In his own words, they have been "an endless moving picture in which one was an actor. On the whole, Great Fun!" Endowed with

a many-sided genius which has been expressed not only in world leadership but in oratory, literature and in painting, our Greatest Man has also found happiness such as is given to few, in his domestic life. In 1908 he married Miss Clementine Hozier and "lived happily ever afterwards": and this picture captures some of the idyllic atmosphere of his home life. It was taken at 10, Downing St. on his seventy-seventh birthday.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

OLD soldiers, the song says, never die. If this is so, we in this country at any rate see to it that they live on in penury. This is presumably what the song means when it continues, "They only fade away!" Throughout our history, whatever the fashionable political ideology of the hour—absolute monarchy, Whig oligarchy, Manchester *laissez-faire*, Tory democracy, Socialist welfare state—our treatment of our retired soldiers has remained much the same. Towards them, however we may have treated our other public servants, we have always behaved as the Mayor and Corporation of Hamelin behaved towards the Pied Piper. We have told them to pass along and let bygones be bygones. It is not that we have been conscious of any impropriety or ingratitude in our attitude; far from it. Like the Mayor of Hamelin, we have never grudged the men who fought our wars a "matter of something to put in the poke"—a face-saving gratuity, a wound-bonus, a pension based on the lowest standard of living prevailing in the country at the time of its grant. But at the suggestion of anything more we have held up hands in scandalised and frugal horror or, pharisee-like, allowed the Treasury to do so for us. Our soldiers when they fought our battles did not live in comfort and why, we ask through our representatives, should they live in comfort afterwards? They are entitled to the statutory pittance we granted them in the first fine flush of their forgotten victories, and with that they must make shift. So, though the cost of living, and with it the wages and salaries of almost everyone else, has doubled or even trebled in the past twenty years, the pensions of regular Service officers who fought in the Great War of 1914-18 and the Boer War before it, have remained, like those officers themselves, constant. "Her Majesty's Government," Sir Winston Churchill stated in the House of Commons last November, "have carefully considered whether they could grant some relief to those retired Service officers whose pensions... were stabilized in 1935 at 9½ per cent. below the 1919 level.... They have, after much consideration, come to the conclusion that it would not be possible to treat this problem as a special case at a time when so many other demands are pressing." The resemblance between this utterance and the Mayor of Hamelin's famous speech was a reminder that politics remain much the same in all ages and countries and that even the greatest of politicians have to conform to type. I suppose the answer is that if they didn't, they wouldn't stay politicians for long; the electors would see to that! The fact, however, remains that during an inflationary decade when those who ruled us—both politicians and Civil Servants—were increasing their own remuneration on the undeniable ground that, as a result of their rule, the cost of living had increased for everyone, it was regarded by them as contrary to the public interest that such considerations should affect the rates of pension paid to a few thousand ageing officers who, being unable on account of age and wounds to earn a living in any other way, were entirely dependent on pensions granted before the cost of living started to rise. This may be good politics—in which case we, the electors, should be ashamed of ourselves—but it certainly is not justice. And if a man spends the best years of his life in the service of his country, willingly offering in that service the sacrifice of all he values, including life itself, he is entitled, one would have thought, to bare justice in his old age.

I was reminded of all this—one ought to be reminded of it more often—by reading in the Press a letter written by three retired officers, a naval commander, a brigadier and an air-commodore, pointing out that boys who opt for a professional career as officers in one or other of the three fighting Services will, if present conditions of retirement and pension-rights continue, almost certainly find themselves in middle life in a position of enforced idleness and penury. This letter seems to me so important and, by and large, unhappily in the facts it sets out, so relevant that I feel that it should be considered by everyone who, as elector or administrator, has the future of the country at heart.

"As many keen and very capable young men continue to join the regular Forces as officer cadets with but the vaguest idea of their true prospects, we feel that much bitter disappointment, frustration and even despair in later years would be avoided

if all the facts were made known to potential candidates at school. It may be said at once that we have no complaints against life in the Services—while it lasts. On the contrary, we recommend it to all young men who are assured of an appreciable private income in middle age. For all others there are serious drawbacks not generally appreciated till too late. These are:

*Early retirement when family expenses at peak.* The vast majority of officers are retired in middle age. Although the Government urges employers to retain staffs after the age of sixty-five, it continues to retire officers as early as forty-five. In the executive branch of the Navy all officers are retired between forty-five and about fifty-two, except the tiny minority who become admirals. Men with comparable qualifications in civil life will not all reach the top of their particular tree, but they will continue to earn good salaries for a further fifteen to twenty years. They are not forced to abandon their career at such ridiculously early ages, when family expenses, especially education, are at their peaks.

*Extreme difficulty in obtaining employment after retirement.* No Government has yet made any attempt to guarantee employment to retired officers in any department of the Civil Service or in nationalised industries. Agencies' files are filled with the names of officers seeking employment, but the number successfully placed is quite negligible; either they are "too old at forty-five" or are barred by the "closed shop." Some become insurance agents or commercial travellers, keep shops or run boarding houses, etc., but most are forced to eke out an existence on their pensions.

*Inadequate and static pensions.* One might expect that officers who have served under discipline, not allowed to have their interests guarded by any union, association or society, would receive from the Government, in return, the fairest treatment in all respects. History shows that this has not been the case, however. Any benefits for officers who belong to no pressure groups have ever been "too little and too late," for it is only "the wheel that squeaks the loudest which gets the grease." The worst feature is that pensions, never generous, remain static for all time after the initial assessment, regardless of increases in the cost of living. Many officers dependent on their pensions find that their standard of living to-day is no better than a labourer's, lower than a miner's, or a docker's...\*

#### WOLVERHAMPTON WANDERERS' GREAT SOCCER VICTORY.



ONE OF MANY EXCITING MOMENTS IN THE SOCCER MATCH AT WOLVERHAMPTON WHEN THE WOLVES DEFEATED MOSCOW'S SPARTAK TEAM: WILSHAW (IN DARK SHORTS, LEFT) FLYING HIGH TO A HEADER, CLOSELY PRESSED BY A SPARTAK PLAYER. On November 16, in a floodlit match at Wolverhampton, Wolverhampton Wanderers, champions of the Football League, beat Spartak, the Moscow team, by four goals to nil in a fiercely-contested battle. The match was watched by a capacity crowd of 57,000, and the second half was televised. There was no score until eighteen minutes after half-time, when the night sky reverberated with a roar of cheering as Wilshaw, Wolves' inside-left, scored the first goal. Gallant Spartak made a great effort to level the score, but Wolverhampton Wanderers, determined to strike a blow for the prestige of English football, fought on and consolidated their triumph in the last breath-taking five minutes when Wolves scored another three goals, of which Hancocks got two and Swinburne one. It was a proud day for Wolverhampton Wanderers and for England, for Spartak, the vaunted Moscow team who had defeated Arsenal by two goals to one at Highbury Stadium on November 9, had been well and truly overcome in a great battle.

all the factors which influence the promotion structure, retirement rules and retired pay are not fully brought to light." This may be so, but everyone who has any personal cognizance of the private affairs of retired Regular officers knows how dark and tragic is the background of life for many of them. If the facts set out in the letter, even if exaggerated in places, are substantially true, and this country is to remain both a democracy and free, it is essential that they should be fully publicised and their implications realised. For in the years between 1940 and 1945 Britain was saved, and saved repeatedly, because we possessed in the regular officers of the three fighting Services the repositories of a tradition and technique of sacrifice, discipline and martial skill that through them was transmitted to millions hitherto without it and who, but for their training at their hands, could not have acquired it. If another crisis comparable to those of 1914 and 1940 should occur in our affairs, our future as a nation and the ideals to which we subscribe will once more depend on the existence of a body of Service officers with similar traditions and skill. In the past, the majority of such officers had private means that enabled them to serve their country without receiving an adequate salary or pension. During the last twenty or thirty years the State, in the name of social justice, has deprived the class from which they were drawn of such private means. In future, if we are to have officers permanently prepared to sacrifice everything to the community, we must provide them and their dependents with a full and proper livelihood. The good old Ministerial and Treasury adage of "Treat them mean and make them keen!" can no longer suffice.

\* Letter from Commander E. W. Reep, Brigadier M. V. Snell and Air Commodore R. Gordon, printed in the *News Chronicle*, November 15, 1954.



IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA: THE QUEEN MOTHER DISCUSSING THE CARPET WOVEN BY QUEEN MARY WITH THE DIRECTOR, MR. H. O. McCURRY.

## THE QUEEN MOTHER IN CANADA: ENGAGEMENTS DURING HER FIVE-DAY VISIT TO THE DOMINION.



RECEIVING MEMBERS OF THE CAST OF "WHITEOAKS" IN THE CANADIAN REPERTORY THEATRE: THE QUEEN MOTHER WEARING A LOVELY DRESS WITH MAPLE LEAF DESIGNS ON IT.



AT A STATE DINNER AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA, ON NOVEMBER 13: THE QUEEN MOTHER SEATED BETWEEN MR. ST. LAURENT (LEFT) AND MR. VINCENT MASSEY, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.



THANKED BY THEIR COLONEL-IN-CHIEF: THE QUEEN MOTHER SHAKING HANDS WITH THREE PIPERS OF THE BLACK WATCH REGIMENT OF CANADA AFTER THE STATE DINNER.



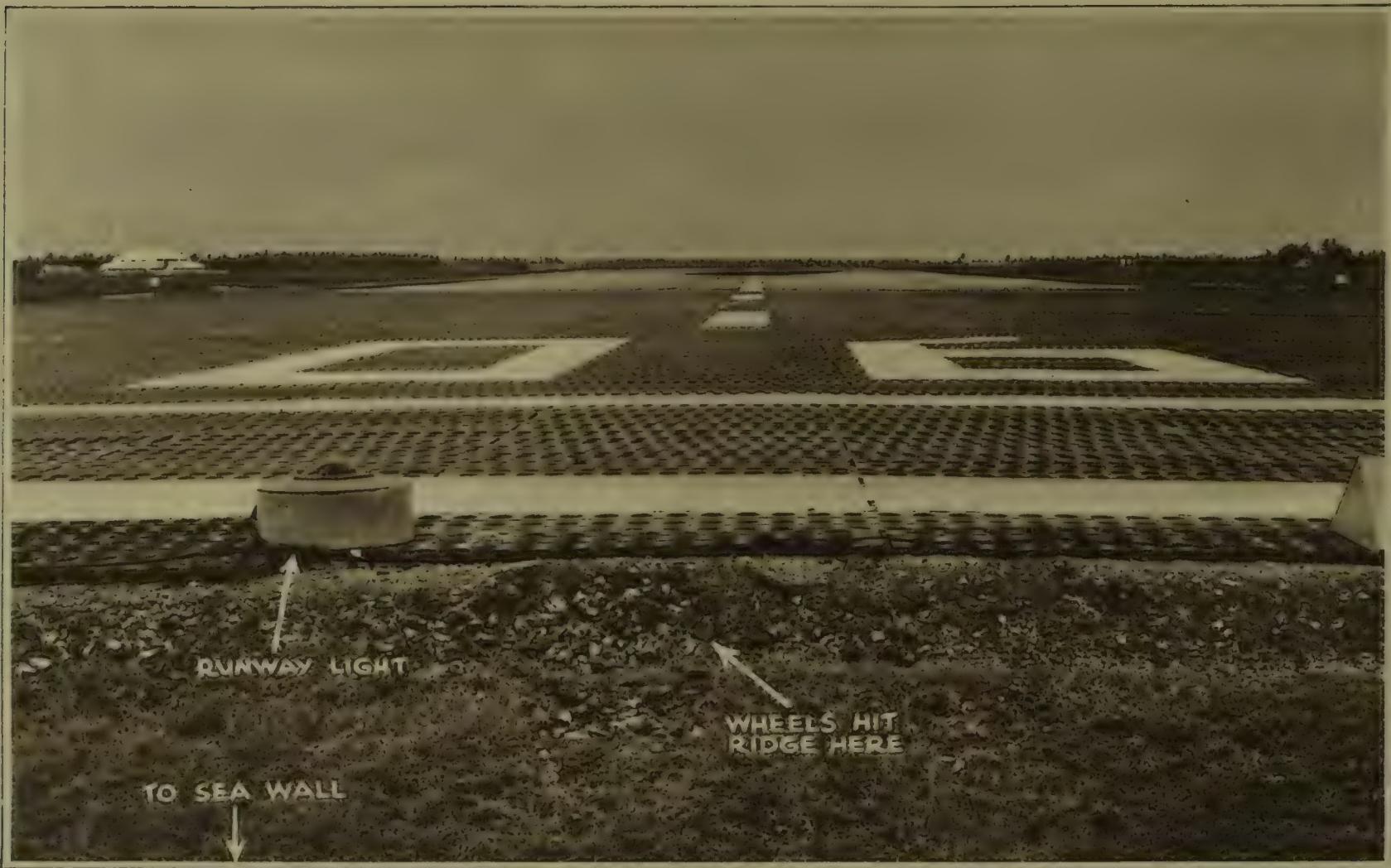
IN THE CITY HALL OF HULL, QUEBEC, ON NOVEMBER 15: THE QUEEN MOTHER LISTENING TO AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME FROM THE MAYOR, MR. CARON. MRS. CARON IS SEATED NEXT TO THE QUEEN MOTHER.



SIGNING THE SPEAKERS' BOOKS DURING HER VISIT TO THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT IN OTTAWA: THE QUEEN MOTHER WITH MR. WISHART ROBERTSON (LEFT), SPEAKER OF THE SENATE, AND MR. R. BEAUDOIN, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

During her visit to Canada from November 12 to November 17 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother was the guest of the Governor-General, Mr. Vincent Massey, at Government House in Ottawa. On November 13 the Queen Mother's first engagement was the laying of a wreath on the National War Memorial. At mid-day she was the guest of the Canadian Senate and House of Commons at a combined reception and lunch, and in the evening attended a reception for the heads of diplomatic missions and Canadian officials, which was followed by a State dinner

given by the Governor-General. The many other engagements which the Queen Mother fulfilled included a symbolic visit to French Canada on November 15, when she went to the city of Hull, in the province of Quebec. On November 16 her Majesty opened the new bridges spanning the Rideau River and named them the Bytown bridges. Later she received the French Prime Minister, M. Mendès-France, at Government House. On November 17 the Queen Mother flew to New York, where she boarded the liner *Queen Mary* for her journey home.



THE IMMEDIATE PHYSICAL CAUSE OF THE B.O.A.C. CONSTELLATION CRASH AT SINGAPORE ON MARCH 13: THE BEGINNING OF THE RUNWAY OF KALLANG AIRPORT, SHOWING THE GRASSY RIDGE AND THE POINT, NEAR THE LANDING LIGHT, WHERE THE WHEELS OF ONE OF THE UNDERCARRIAGE LEGS STRUCK, CAUSING THE CRASH AND FIRE.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE DANGEROUS THRESHOLD OF KALLANG AIRPORT. THIS IS AN OBLIQUE VIEW OF THE SAME SITE AS THAT SHOWN IN THE TOP PHOTOGRAPH; AND CLEARLY SHOWS THE PROXIMITY OF THE HARBOUR AND SEA-WALL, THE SHORT, RISING GRASS RIDGE AND THE "STEP" OF THE RUNWAY EDGE.

#### LIGHT ON THE SINGAPORE AIR CRASH OF MARCH 13: THE RUNWAY RIDGE WHERE THE CONSTELLATION STRUCK.

On November 16 the report of the public inquiry held at Singapore on the crash of a B.O.A.C. Constellation at Kallang Airport, Singapore, on March 13, in which 33 lives were lost, was published. The Commissioner, Mr. Justice Knight, and the assessors, Mr. C. D. Waldron (Commandant of Renfrew Airport) and Mr. L. Metz (a senior pilot of K.L.M.) found that the cause of the accident was an error of judgment by the pilot of the aircraft, Captain Hoyle; and it was also stated that the airport was not adequately equipped with fire and rescue services and the fire and rescue staff were not adequately trained

and did not tackle the fire in the aircraft in the proper way. With regard to the pilot's error, the report said: "The error of judgment was a fine one, though by that I do not mean that it was excusable." It had transpired that Captain Hoyle had been on duty for slightly more than 21½ hours at the time of the crash; and "in view of the distinct possibility that Captain Hayle's error of judgment was influenced by the fact that he was tired, I do not think the accident was caused or contributed to by his wrongful default." Our photographs illustrate vividly the bad threshold of the runway.



THE SUDDEN DEATH OF THE SOVIET PERMANENT REPRESENTATIVE AT THE UNITED NATIONS : MR. ANDREI VYSHINSKY, WHO DIED IN NEW YORK ON NOVEMBER 22 AFTER A HEART ATTACK.

On November 22 Dr. Van Kleffens, the President of the General Assembly of the United Nations, announced that Mr. Andrei Vyshinsky, the U.S.S.R. Permanent Representative, had died suddenly after a heart attack. Mr. Vyshinsky had not been in good health earlier this year, and in May he returned to Moscow "on leave for a rest." Mr. Vyshinsky, who was born in Odessa in 1883, studied law at the University of Kiev and started his political activity in 1902, when he joined the Menshevik wing of the Social Democrats. When the Bolsheviks took power in 1917, he deserted the Mensheviks, served in the Red Army for a year and joined the Communist Party in 1920. After holding a number of increasingly

important posts in the U.S.S.R., including that of Public Prosecutor, he was appointed Deputy People's Commissar of Foreign Affairs in September 1940. From the time of the Potsdam Conference onwards he attended virtually all the important inter-Allied and United Nations meetings and, on March 4, 1949, succeeded Mr. Molotov as Minister of Foreign Affairs. After the death of Marshal Stalin in 1953, Mr. Vyshinsky replaced Mr. Malik as Permanent Representative at the United Nations, concurrently holding the position of First Deputy Foreign Minister. An official announcement in Moscow on November 22 said that Mr. Vyshinsky's body would be brought to Moscow for a State funeral.

Photograph by Katherine Young.

**THE DRUMMOND MURDERS TRIAL: GASTON DOMINICI,  
THE 77-YEAR-OLD FARMER, IN COURT AT DIGNE.**



LA GRAND' TERRE, THE FARM WORKED BY THE FAMILY OF GASTON DOMINICI, THE FARMER CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF SIR JACK AND LADY DRUMMOND AND THEIR DAUGHTER.



PRODUCED IN COURT: THE AMERICAN CARBINE WHICH WAS FOUND IN A STREAM NEAR THE MURDERS AND SUBSEQUENTLY ESTABLISHED TO HAVE BEEN IN THE POSSESSION OF THE DOMINICI FAMILY SINCE THE WAR.



ROGER PERRIN, GASTON DOMINICI'S GRANDSON, AN EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD BUTCHER BOY, WHOSE MOVEMENTS DURING THE NIGHT OF THE MURDER WERE DISCUSSED IN COURT; AND ABOUT WHOM HIS GRANDFATHER SAID HE HAD DOUBTS.



A SCENE IN THE COURT-ROOM AT DIGNE, DURING THE OPENING STAGES OF THE TRIAL. ON THE EXTREME RIGHT IS THE PRESIDING JUDGE; ON THE LEFT, IN THE DOCK, GASTON DOMINICI, WHO IS ACCUSED OF THE MURDERS.



MEMBERS OF THE DOMINICI FAMILY, WHO WORKED THE FARM NEAR THE SCENE OF THE MURDERS, AT THE TRIAL AT DIGNE. (EXTREME LEFT) CLOVIS AND GUSTAVE, TWO OF GASTON'S SONS; EXTREME RIGHT, MME. DOMINICI, THEIR MOTHER, WITH GUSTAVE'S WIFE.

ON November 16 at Digne, in the Basses Alpes, France, the trial opened of a seventy-seven-year-old farmer, Gaston Dominici, who was charged with the murder of Sir Jack Drummond, the famous British nutrition expert, his wife and daughter, on the night of August 4, 1952. Sir Jack and Lady Drummond, who were on holiday, were found shot on the morning of August 5 beside the station wagon, near which they had camped the

(Continued below, left)



GASTON DOMINICI, THE SEVENTY-SEVEN-YEAR-OLD FARMER, WHO IS ACCUSED OF THE MURDERS, SMILING IN THE COURT DURING THE DISMISSAL OF A WITNESS.

*Continued.* night before. Sixty yards away their eleven-year-old daughter, Elizabeth, was found by a stream, with her head crushed in. From the stream an American carbine was later recovered, which it was established had been in the possession of the Dominici family, who worked the near-by farm of La Grand' Terre. Suspicion centred on the Dominici family; and one son, Gustave, was tried and sentenced to two months imprisonment for not assisting a person in danger. In November 1953, two sons,

Gustave and Clovis Dominici, under police questioning, named their father, Gaston, as the murderer; and on November 14, 1953, the old farmer made an alleged confession to the triple murder before the Public Prosecutor and the examining magistrate. His version of the crime was re-enacted, but on the way to the prison he recanted; and at the opening of the trial this month maintained his story was completely untrue. On November 22 this confession was examined in court.

## CONCERNING SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL.



VIEWING THE STAINED-Glass WINDOW WHICH HE HAS REDESIGNED TO INCORPORATE THE PRIME MINISTER'S RECENTLY CONFERRED HONOUR OF A KNIGHood OF THE GARTER: MR. RUPERT MOORE. THE WINDOW WILL BE ERECTED AT CHEQUERS.



DEALING WITH MAIL CONTAINING GIFTS FOR THE WINSTON CHURCHILL EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY PRESENTATION FUND: TWO VOLUNTARY WORKERS, MISS P. CLARKSON, OF BROMLEY, AND MR. D. DICKINS, OF FINSBURY.

It is the practice of Prime Ministers who take up residence at Chequers to erect some sign of their occupancy and Sir Winston Churchill has had his family crest there for some time. Following the honour of a Knighthood of the Garter recently conferred upon him, however, a stained-glass window has been redesigned by Mr. R. Moore to incorporate the new arms and this will be installed at Chequers along with the arms of former Prime Ministers.—A world fund to enable a presentation to be made to Sir Winston Churchill to mark his eightieth birthday on November 30 was launched on November 19. The Prime Minister has said that when the fund closes he will give his opinion of the form the presentation should take. Meanwhile thousands of letters containing gifts have been arriving at the fund's headquarters at 156, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2, to which contributions should be sent.

## THE AFTERMATH OF REVOLUTION IN EGYPT.

Mahmoud Latif, a Cairo tinsmith, pleaded guilty to attempting to assassinate the Egyptian Prime Minister, Colonel Abdel Nasser, at Alexandria on October 26, when his trial began on November 9. It was opened in public before a special tribunal established by the Council of the Revolutionary Command at the Council's H.Q. at Gezira, Cairo. Latif is said to have been a tool of the Muslim Brotherhood, a secret organisation in Egypt, which planned to overthrow the Government when the Prime Minister had been "removed." As a result, a campaign has been waged against the Brotherhood and many arrests have been made. On November 14 Youssef Talaat, said to be one of the leaders of the Brotherhood's secret organisations in all Egypt, and Ibrahim el-Tayib, the alleged leader of the Cairo cells, were arrested; and both have been reported as having confessed to having been in touch with President Neguib to take over power when the régime was overthrown by the coup d'état.



BEING TRIED IN PUBLIC IN CAIRO FOR THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF COLONEL ABDEL NASSER, THE EGYPTIAN PRIME MINISTER, ON OCTOBER 26: MAHMOUD LATIF (STANDING), A CAIRO TINSMITH.



SAID TO BE ONE OF THE LEADERS OF THE MUSLIM BROTHERHOOD'S SECRET ORGANISATIONS IN ALL EGYPT: YOUSSEF TALAAT (CENTRE), AFTER HIS ARREST.



THE CAIRO TINSMITH, MAHMOUD LATIF (LEFT), WAITING FOR HIS TRIAL TO OPEN. HE PLEADED GUILTY TO ATTEMPTING TO MURDER COLONEL NASSER, THE EGYPTIAN PRIME MINISTER.

## AUTOCRAT OF ALL THE RUSSIANS.

"TSAR NICHOLAS I"; By CONSTANTIN DE GRUNWALD. Translated from the French by BRIGIT PATMORE.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"DEBUNKING" is a word we have heard very frequently during the last thirty or forty years. It is an ugly word: but we know what it means. It means attack upon revered figures with the object of showing that supposed accepted heroes and heroines have had feet of clay, with the searchlights concentrated upon the feet. The process has its points: re-examination of accepted notions is always to be recommended: we shouldn't become mechanical in our acceptances. But the quality of the motive also counts. If the critic's desire is to discover, as far as he may, the truth about some historical character,



"AUTOCRAT OF ALL THE RUSSIANS": TSAR NICHOLAS I.  
This portrait of Nicholas I.—from M. Demidoff's "Travels in Southern Russia and the Crimea"—appeared in *The Illustrated London News* of August 6, 1853, and was accompanied by "a review of the career of the Emperor Nicholas, rendering prominent his personal characteristics." The author of this review writes: "The Emperor Nicholas is not a man of great intellectual capacity; and the results of his reign are not attributable to his own genius, but to the aggregate sagacity and pertinacity of the confederated diplomatists who pursue, with enthusiasm, the objects of the Russian system. The Emperor is, in fact, a man of narrow mind: excellent as a representative man, as a figure in Russia, as a personage at courts out of Russia; but precisely of that class of minds which is inevitably, though perhaps unconsciously, ruled by others."

without bias, he may be applauded. If, on the other hand, forgetting that we are none of us perfect, he nastily attempts to tarnish the reputation of people who have tried to be more nobly serviceable than himself, he deserves to be despised. I knew the late Lytton Strachey: liked him, and even once stayed with him in a cottage on the Wiltshire Downs, when I went out for walks with him, found him frightened of dogs, and ignorant of the names of the simplest country flowers. It would be easy, in fact, by emphasising some of his mental and physical traits, to have exhibited him as a mainly absurd figure, which would have been very unfair to the scholar, the critic and the stylist. But, in a sense, he would only be getting his deserts that way, for some of his biographical studies went altogether too far in the attempt, tintured too often with a sneer, to take the gilt off people who had faithfully served their country and mankind. He has had plenty of successors on both sides of the Atlantic, few of them his equals in talent. Figure after figure from the past has been revived and made to run the gauntlet of suspicious examination. Scrutinised by the callous who despise failure, and the jealous who hate success, few careers escape being blackened.

Sometimes, to the relief of the generous and the judicious, a biographer appears with precisely the opposite sort of approach. His tendency is, when a character has been held up to obloquy, to consider first what there is to be said in his favour, with a view to rectifying the balance. The possibilities open to this type of critic are not quite so wide as those which tempt the other type. There are few people whose fame cannot be smirched by dwelling on their faults and mistakes; there are very many whose reputations, with the best will in the world, cannot be cleared. There are doubtful cases. Some people maintain that Richard III., the last of the Plantagenet Kings—not the last of the Plantagenet heirs, but the Tudors killed

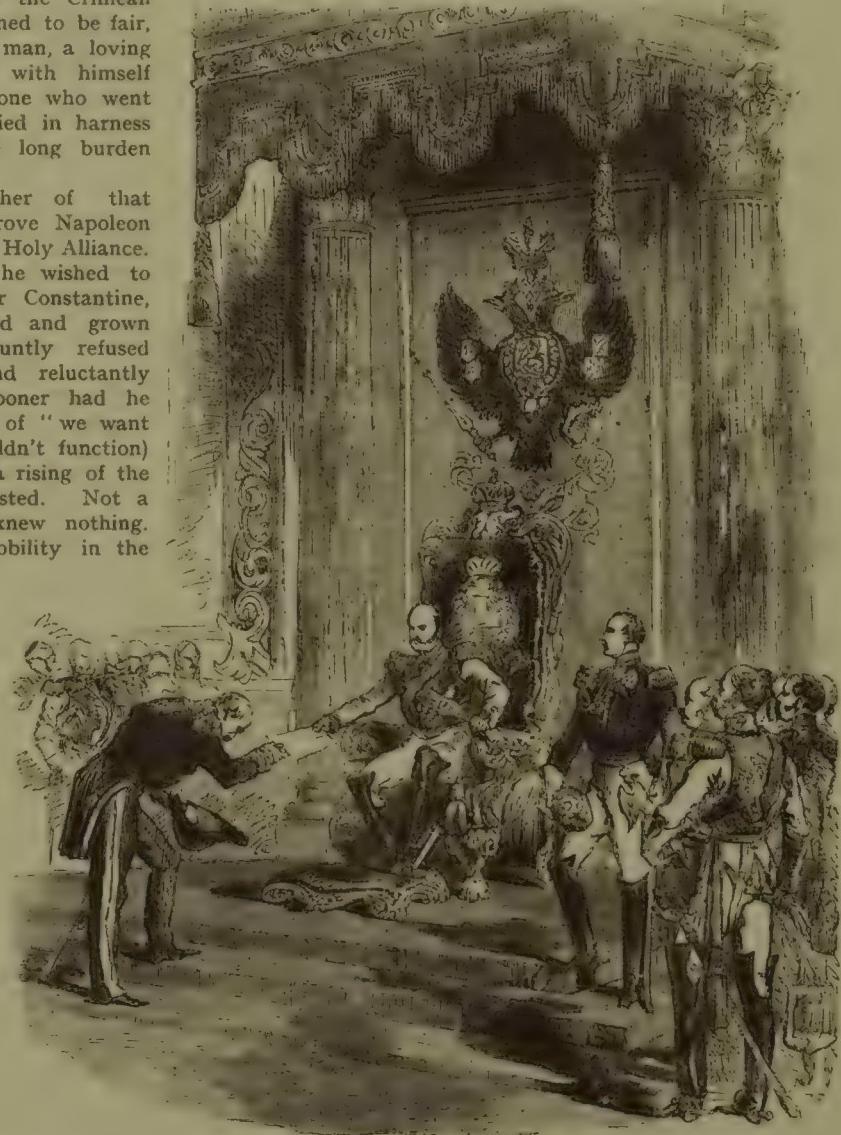
those off—was no murderer, but merely the libelled victim of chroniclers kow-towing to the victorious Welsh usurpers. But I do not expect anyone (at least in my time) to come forward with the theory that the Emperor Nero was a benevolent ascetic, strict only with himself, or that Henry VIII. was a rigid monogamist with a violent antipathy to capital punishment, who actually imperilled his life in a last futile attempt to save St. Thomas More from the scaffold. Yet there are many half-way cases where much has still to be said "on the other side." Castle-reagh, for instance, is still under too much of a cloud: the young tend to rely rather on the ignorant outbursts of Byron and Shelley than on the historical facts. Even Metternich has more to be said for him than is usually said. And Tsar Nicholas I.—whose descendant and namesake, Nicholas II., opened his reign with a "Rescript" begging for universal Peace, and ended his life, butchered in a cellar with his wife, son, and young daughters, by the Heralds of a Glorious Dawn—is in the same predicament. He is remembered only by the punishment of a conspiracy (of "the Decembrists," or "Decabrist") which broke out on his accession to the throne, by his suppression of a revolt on the part of the Polish Army—Poland was still a nominal Kingdom, with the Tsar as nominal King of its truncated territories, and a constitution, and native governors, with a Russian "political commissar" always invigilating—and by his provocation of, and, to a certain extent, defeat in, the Crimean War. M. de Grunwald, determined to be fair, discovers that he was a good man, a loving husband, a soldier as strict with himself as he was with his subjects, one who went reluctantly into harness and died in harness superbly, duty done, and the long burden shifted at last.

He was a younger brother of that dreamer Alexander I., who drove Napoleon out of Russia and founded the Holy Alliance. He was a soldier, and that he wished to remain. But his elder brother Constantine, who had lived long in Poland and grown accustomed to Polish life, bluntly refused to take on the Tsardom, and reluctantly Nicholas took it on. No sooner had he acceded (cries all around him of "we want Constantine," who simply wouldn't function) than there was a rising. Not a rising of the middle-classes, who hardly existed. Not a rising of the peasants, who knew nothing. But a rising of the young nobility in the best regiments. As it were a rising of the Life Guards and the Blues in front of Buckingham Palace. They were all infected with constitutional notions which they had derived from the French, and the French had derived from the English. The notions might have been capable of discussion; but some of the rebels committed a few casual murders in the course of their demonstration. Nicholas was compelled to sentence a few men to death, although he hated doing so (it was difficult, at that time, to find a hangman in Russia, *mais nous avons changé tout cela*) and the rest went to Siberia.

Let any man, let any of my readers, imagine himself in that man's situation. There he was, nominally, supreme power over a vast area in Europe inhabited by illiterate serfs, and half of Asia, recently acquired, including a vast variety of races, with many languages and many religions. He had inherited a nobility, much larger than ours, but with no political power and responsibility, though with the ability to assassinate; a corrupt Civil Service; and a population not much farther advanced than that of the Congo, except that it at least clung to allegiance to "God and the Tsar." He tried to liberate the serfs: he failed, because of the serf-owners' resistance (the serfs weren't just slaves, some of them were extremely rich, and merely paid their dues): his son, Alexander II., liberated the serfs and was killed for his pains. In the end, his beloved wife ill, and he distracted, he died

during the Crimean War, which he thought he had fought in a just cause: though other people inclined to think that, without knowing it, he was ministering to the semipartial appetite of the Grand Duchy of Moscow, which has been, to the undoing of us all, as devouring as that of the Mark of Brandenburg.

He died, thinking that he had done his best: no, not thinking, knowing. M. de Grunwald says: "As a child, he wanted to be a soldier. It was his true career, his natural vocation to which he had devoted forty years of 'service.' As to the other career, the one Providence had imposed on him, he followed it 'because it just had to be done and because there was no one to save him from it.' But it was not—as he himself acknowledged—'in his line.' Now for thirty years he had stood in the breach—and what had he attained? He had hoped to leave Russia to his heir 'such as he had striven to make her: strong, independent and bountiful—for her own good and doing evil to none.' Had he not failed at his task? 'Mine is a strange destiny,' he wrote in a touching letter to his wife. 'I have been told that I am the most powerful sovereign in the world; it might be said that for me all . . . was possible that I could do everything I pleased. In reality, it is the opposite that's true.' For consolation, he took refuge in the stoical idea of duty which had always been his



"A SCENE OF IMPRESSIVE SPLENDOUR": THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, TSAR NICHOLAS I., ON HIS THRONE IN THE IMPERIAL PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG.

From "The Illustrated London News" of January 6, 1855.

guide; a code of morality not always correctly interpreted, but justifying himself to his own conscience. 'Yes, duty is not a vain word for those who, from childhood, are used to thinking of it as I do. That word has a holy meaning that puts it above all personal considerations; all else must withdraw and be silent before this feeling until we disappear into the tomb.'"

No such words have come out of Moscow since the last of the Tsars went. And I wonder whether this extremely fair book, extenuating nothing and setting naught down in malice, would be allowed into that fortress now.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 966 of this issue.

## AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY: EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY LIFE, AND STILL LIFE.



"THE MARQUESS OF MONHERMER"; BY ANTON RAFAEL MENGS (1728-1779), COURT PAINTER TO AUGUSTUS III. (96 by 67½ ins.) (*The Duke of Buccleuch.*)



"THE DILETTANTI"; BY CORNELIS TROOST (1697-1750), A GIFTED PORTRAIT PAINTER. SIGNED C. TROOST 1736. (Wood; 26 by 22½ ins.) (*National Gallery of Ireland.*)



"THE HON. RACHEL HAMILTON AND HER BROTHER CHARLES"; BY ALLAN RAMSAY (1713-1784). (67½ by 54½ ins.) (*The Earl of Haddington.*)



"STILL LIFE; FIGS AND BREAD"; BY LUIS MENENDEZ (1716-1780), AN ARTIST WHO WAS BORN IN NAPLES AND WORKED IN SPAIN. (14 by 18½ ins.) (*Musée du Louvre.*)



"THE THREE ELDER DAUGHTERS OF GEORGE III"; BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (1727-1788). (51 by 70½ ins.; originally 100 by 70½ ins.) (*By gracious permission of H.M. the Queen.*)



"THE GOHIN FAMILY"; BY LOUIS-LEOPOLD BOILLY (1761-1845). A DELIGHTFUL FRENCH CONVERSATION PIECE. SIGNED AND DATED 1787. (37½ by 50 ins.) (*Musée des Arts Décoratifs, Paris.*)



"GERARD ANNE EDWARDS IN HIS CRADLE"; BY WILLIAM HOGARTH (1697-1764). SIGNED W. HOGARTH PINXIT. (12½ by 15½ ins.) (*The National Trust, Upton House.*)

A series of admirable portraits, and many delightful Conversation Pieces are included in the Exhibition of European Masters of the Eighteenth Century which is due to open at the Royal Academy to-day, Saturday, November 27. These are not only works of artistic importance, but from the documentary point of view have great interest as they picture for us the life and domestic settings of our ancestors. The Gainsborough triple portrait of the elder daughters of George III., one of the pictures

graciously lent by her Majesty, shows Princess Charlotte Augusta Matilda (1766-1828), afterwards Queen of Württemburg; Princess Augusta Sophia (1768-1840), and Princess Elizabeth (1770-1840), afterwards Princess of Hesse-Homburg. The painting was originally a full-length portrait group, but was cut down to fit over a door. The series of still-life paintings by Luis Menendez are a feature of the exhibition. He was born in Naples, studied in Italy and worked in Spain.

VENETIAN VIEW-PAINTERS AT THE R.A.:  
CANALETTO, MARIESCHI AND GUARDI.



"ALNWICK CASTLE"; BY ANTONIO CANALE, CALLED CANALETTO (1697-1768), PAINTED FOR SIR HUGH SMITHSON, LATER 1ST DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND (2ND CREATION) BEFORE ROBERT ADAM BEGAN RESTORATION. (45 by 55½ ins.) (*The Duke of Northumberland*.)



"THE CHURCH AND PIAZZA OF SS. APOSTOLI"; BY ANTONIO CANALE, CALLED CANALETTO (1697-1768). ONE OF THE ARTIST'S MANY PAINTINGS OF ARCHITECTURAL SCENES. (18 by 30 ins.) (*The Trustees of the late Sir Robert Harvey, Bart.*)

THE splendid Exhibition of European Masters of the Eighteenth Century, which is due to open to the public to-day, Saturday, November 27, at the Royal Academy Galleries, Piccadilly, does not, Sir Gerald Kelly points out in his foreword to the Catalogue, provide a complete and balanced showing of eighteenth-century art in Europe, but portraits, landscapes, decorative compositions, religious works, still-lifes and Conversation Pieces of the highest quality are all on view. On this page we reproduce some fine examples of the great Venetian architectural and "urban landscape" painters of the period, headed by Antonio Canale, called Canaletto, whose splendid colour, mastery of perspective and feeling for composition combined to make him one of the outstanding artists of his day. He was extremely successful both at home and abroad, and indeed his work, and that of his contemporaries and pupils, has always exercised a strong appeal in this country. [Continued below, right.]



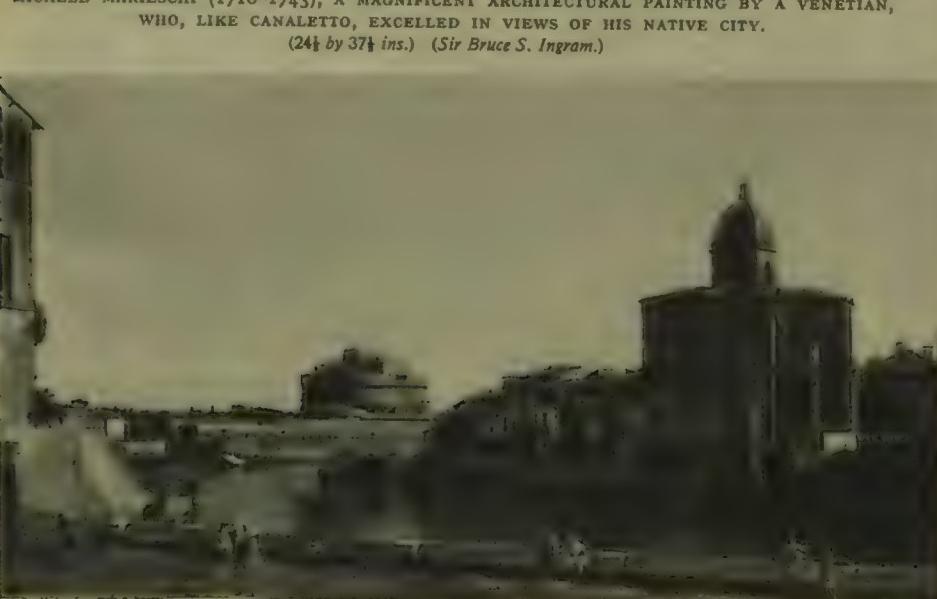
"VENICE; THE MOUTH OF THE GRAND CANAL WITH THE CHURCH OF THE SALUTE"; BY MICHELE MARIESCHI (1710-1743), A MAGNIFICENT ARCHITECTURAL PAINTING BY A VENETIAN, WHO, LIKE CANALETTO, EXCELLED IN VIEWS OF HIS NATIVE CITY. (24½ by 37½ ins.) (*Sir Bruce S. Ingram*.)



"THE COURTYARD OF A PALACE"; BY ANTON CANALE, CALLED CANALETTO (1697-1768). AT ONE TIME THIS WORK, PAINTED IN 1743-44, WAS DESCRIBED AS THE BARBARINI PALACE, BUT IT IS A CAPRICCIO. (35 by 54 ins.) (*Sir A. T. C. Neave*.)

Continued.] Royal collection includes a series of fine Canalettos, and he is represented in the National Gallery and in the Wallace Collection (where his nephew Bellotto may also be studied) and in many private collections. Canaletto went to Rome in 1719 and visited this country in 1746. He remained here for two years, during which time he did some notable work, including a number of views of London and the Thames. The painting of the Mouth of the Grand Canal and the church of Santa Maria della Salute is an outstandingly fine work by Michele Marieschi, and we also illustrate a painting by Guardi, showing the Pope blessing the people on the Campo

[Continued below, left.]



"A VIEW OF THE TIBER"; BY ANTON CANALE, CALLED CANALETTO (1697-1768). THE CASTLE OF SAINT ANGELO IS SHOWN IN THE CENTRE BACKGROUND. (33½ by 57½ ins.) (*Lieut.-Colonel Heywood-Lonsdale*.)

Continued.] SS. Giovanni e Paolo, in which the famous equestrian statue of Bartolomeo Colleoni, by Verrochio, is depicted on the extreme right. His Holiness may be distinguished standing at the top of the elaborate double staircase in the centre background. Guardi was a scholar of Canaletto, but never quite attained the stature of his master. The latter, by the way, at times combined with Giovanni Battista Tiepolo, who painted the figures in some of his architectural "landscapes with figures."



"POPE PIUS VI. BLESSING THE CROWD ON THE CAMPO SS. GIOVANNI AND PAOLO"; BY FRANCESCO GUARDI (1712-1793) WHO, LIKE CANALETTO AND MARIESCHI, PAINTED SCENES IN VENICE. (24½ by 31½ ins.) (*The Ashmolean Museum, Oxford*.)

Many of the eighteenth-century painters not only produced accurate paintings of actual scenes, palaces and monuments, but also painted imaginary views in which buildings were placed in positions which they do not actually occupy. The painting "A Courtyard of a Palace," by Canaletto, which is one of those lent to the exhibition by Sir A. T. C. Neave, is an example of this. It was at one time thought to represent the Barbarini Palace, but is now classed as a *capriccio*.

## EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ART AT THE R.A.: FRENCH AND BRITISH PAINTINGS.



"THE DUTTON FAMILY"; BY JOHANN ZOFFANY, R.A. (1734/5-1810). THE ROOM SHOWN IS THE DRAWING-ROOM AT SHERBORNE PARK, GLOUCESTERSHIRE. (40½ by 50½ ins.) (Major the Hon. Peter Samuel.)



"THE ARTIST'S STUDIO"; BY PIERRE-HENRI SUBLEYRAS (1699-1747). REPRESENTATIONS OF PICTURES BY THE ARTIST HANG ON THE WALLS. (49 by 38 ins.) (Die Akademie der Bildenkünste, Vienna.)



"JOHN AND SOPHIA MUSTERS"; BY GEORGE STUBBS, A.R.A. (1724-1806). SIGNED AND DATED GEO. STUBBS PINxit 1777. (Wood; 38 by 50½ ins.) (Colonel J. N. Chaworth-Musters.)



"A DACHSHUND WITH DEAD GAME"; BY JEAN-BAPTISTE OUDRY (1686-1755). THE DOG IS COUNT TESSIN'S DACHSHUND PEHR. (53½ by 43 ins.) (The National Museum, Stockholm.)



"SIR LAWRENCE DUNDAS AND HIS GRANDSON LAWRENCE"; BY JOHANN ZOFFANY (1734/5-1810). THE ROOM REPRESENTS ONE AT 19, ARLINGTON STREET. (40 by 50 ins.) (The Marquess of Zetland.)

The splendid series of loan exhibitions at the Royal Academy, which have enlivened the winters for Londoners for year after year in impressive succession, continues this year with a particularly fine Exhibition of Works by European Masters of the Eighteenth Century, to which paintings, pastels and drawings from public galleries and private collections, headed by that of her Majesty, at home and abroad have been most generously lent. The exhibition is due to open to the public to-day, Saturday, November 27, and will continue, as is usual with such exhibitions, until the end of February. On this and other pages we reproduce a selection of the works on view—which illustrate some of the many aspects of the art of "the Age of Reason"—and these will give our readers some indication of the interest and importance of the display. It is romantically satisfactory to

note that the furniture and objets d'art depicted in the Conversation Piece of Sir Lawrence Dundas and his grandson, as well as the painting shown over the chimney-piece, "Shipping Beccalmed," by Jan van de Cappelle, still remain in the possession of the Dundas family, of which the Marquess of Zetland is the head. In "The Artist's Studio," Subleyras has depicted several of his own paintings. Those shown include (on the wall; left), "The Martyrdom of St. Peter," which is now in the Louvre; (centre) "The Duc of Saint Aignan decorating Prince Vaini with the Order of St. Louis in Paris"; (left; centre) a small version of "The Mass of St. Basil," a subject which Subleyras painted several times, and (extreme right) a "Portrait of Pope Benedict XIV." The Oudry picture of the dachshund and dead game was purchased in 1740 from the painter by Count Tessin.



(LEFT) "OMAI";  
BY SIR JOSHUA  
REYNOLDS, P.R.A.  
(1723-1792). OMAI, A  
SOUTH SEA ISLANDER  
BROUGHT TO LONDON  
BY CAPTAIN FUR-  
NEAUX, WAS LION-  
ISED. (93 by 57½ ins.)  
(Mr. George Howard.)



(RIGHT) "A CHINESE  
WEDDING"; BY  
FRANÇOIS BOUCHER  
(1703-1770), ONE OF  
A SET OF TAPESTRY  
CARTOONS PAINTED IN  
1742 FOR MME. DE  
POMPADOUR.  
(15½ by 18½ ins.) (Musée  
de Besançon.)



"THE IRON FORGE"; BY J. WRIGHT, A.R.A. (1734-1797), "WRIGHT OF DERBY." SIGNED AND  
DATED "JO. WRIGHT PINxit 1772." (47 by 52 ins.) (Countess Mountbatten of Burma.)



"A LADY TAKING CHOCOLATE"; BY JEAN-ETIENNE LIOTARD  
(1702-1789). (18 by 14½ ins.) (The Earl of Bessborough.)



"FRANCIS CHARTERIS, 7TH EARL OF WEMYSS, AND KATHARINE  
HIS WIFE"; BY ALLAN RAMSAY (1713-1784).  
(93 by 80 ins.) (The Earl of Wemyss and March.)



"LANDSCAPE WITH A RAINBOW VIEW NEAR CHESTERFIELD IN DERBYSHIRE"; BY J. WRIGHT, A.R.A.  
(1734-1797), USUALLY KNOWN AS "WRIGHT OF DERBY." HE WAS PARTICULARLY INTERESTED  
IN FIRE, CANDLELIGHT AND MOONLIGHT EFFECTS. (32 by 42 ins.) (Museum and Art Gallery, Derby.)

#### EUROPEAN MASTERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: WORKS FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY WINTER EXHIBITION.

On this page we give a further selection of paintings on view in the Exhibition of European Masters of the Eighteenth Century at the Royal Academy, which opens to-day, November 27. Omai, who sat to Sir Joshua Reynolds, came to London in the Adventure, consort of Captain Cook's Resolution on his

second voyage. The numeration of the Earls of Wemyss was revised, after the inscription had been placed on Ramsay's picture, to include Margaret, daughter of the 2nd Earl, and David, Lord Elcho, a Jacobite who lived in exile, which accounts for the description of the 7th Earl as the "5th."

*By permission of the Royal Academy.*

# SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S EIGHTY ADVENTUROUS YEARS.

BY SIR CHARLES PETRIE, BART.

WHEN Sir Winston Churchill celebrates his eightieth birthday he will be able to claim that only two of his predecessors in the office of Prime Minister have surpassed his record. At the same age Lord Palmerston was Premier, with another six months of life and office before him, while Mr. Gladstone, although in Opposition, was to be head of the Government once again, and was to die in his eighty-ninth year. He would be a rash prophet who would question the possibility that Sir Winston may yet beat the record of Lord Palmerston, and come close to equaling that of Mr. Gladstone.

In no other way, however, was the career of either of these Victorian statesmen comparable with that of the present Prime Minister. They experienced the vicissitudes of political life in this country, it is true, but to nothing like the extent to which Sir Winston Churchill has done, as the slightest acquaintance with his career amply proves.

During the course of it he has acquired an administrative experience which none of his contemporaries can even approach, let alone rival. He was elected to the House of Commons so long ago as 1900, at the age of twenty-six, and he has been in and out of Parliament ever since. He first held office, as Under-Secretary for the Colonies, in the administration of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in 1906, and since that time there have been few departments over which he has not presided.

If Sir Winston had never been anything but a politician his career would have been a remarkable one, but he has been many other things in his time. He has, for example, had wider experience of fighting than most professional soldiers, and not many men are entitled to wear such an imposing array of medals. The Prime Minister started his military career in the 4th Hussars; he served with the Spaniards in Cuba; he fought with the British Army in the Sudan under Kitchener, as well as on the North-West frontier of India; in the South African War he was a newspaper correspondent, was captured by the Boers, and made his escape in the most dramatic circumstances; while in the First World War he for a time commanded an infantry battalion in France. There cannot have been many civilian statesmen in history who have even approached such a record.

Yet this is not the sum total of Sir Winston's achievements, for he is without question one of the leading historians of the day, as well as being one of the most readable. In this connection he is perhaps at his best in description, for he has the happy knack of making past events very vivid indeed. His writings, like his speeches, are marked by a felicity of phrase which singles him out from among contemporary British statesmen. His appeal often lies not so much in what he says as in the way he says it. Lastly, he is no mean performer with the artist's brush.

More than most statesmen he has been buffeted by fate. Thirty-two years ago he was, with Lloyd George and F. E. Smith, one of the triumvirate that controlled the destinies of Great Britain, and then, when the Coalition fell in the autumn of 1922, he had the greatest difficulty in finding a constituency to return him to the House of Commons. Fortune, however, relented, and as Chancellor of the Exchequer in the second Baldwin administration it looked as if he had the reversion of the Premiership in his grasp. Once more, as so often happens in politics, everything seemed to go wrong for him, and at one moment it appeared most unlikely that he would ever hold office again, let alone become Prime Minister. If any man has tasted of the bitterness of defeat as well as of the sweets of victory, that man is Winston Churchill. For years he differed from his leaders both on the subject of India and on that of rearmament, and in consequence he was out of office for more than a decade. His attitude at the time of the abdication of King Edward VIII. seemed to be a further nail in his political coffin. "Churchill is finished" said the man-in-the-street, and for him to support a cause appeared sufficient to doom it to failure.

Then came the Second World War, and Neville Chamberlain put him back at his old post at the Admiralty, where he had so distinguished himself twenty-five years before. Immediately there was a revulsion of feeling in his favour for which it would be difficult to find anything in the nature of an exact parallel, and it was freely granted that in more than one instance he had proved right when the majority of his fellow-countrymen were wrong.

From that moment there was never any doubt who would succeed Chamberlain, and it is no exaggeration to say that when, in May 1940, he was called to power in one of the gravest hours in the national history, it was by the united voice of King and people.

Fortune had not, however, permanently conferred her favours upon him. Sir Winston did more than any other single man to defeat Nazi Germany, but when he had done so the electorate at once rejected him in favour of those who, whatever may have been their motives, had done everything in their power to ensure that the country entered the conflict wholly unprepared. Once again the cry went up that this was the end of Churchill, and the pessimists gloomily compared his future with that of Lloyd George after the fall of the Coalition. Nevertheless, in six years he was Prime Minister once more, having led his party in a revival which is without precedent in British history. After the disaster of 1906, it will be remembered, no fewer than twelve years elapsed before there was again a Conservative majority in the House of Commons, and in the interval there had been a change of leadership.

The young aspirant to political honours would do well to remember that Sir Winston has never been a strong party man in the ordinarily accepted sense of the term. Indeed, it is probably no accident that there has been a certain ambiguity about the party affiliations of nearly all the greater British statesmen. Chatham, Pitt, Burke, Canning, Peel, Palmerston, Disraeli, and Gladstone—none of these had an absolutely consistent party record; nor is this in any way remarkable, for a man with such a record would be more likely to win distinction as a good partisan than as a great statesman. In this respect, then, Sir Winston Churchill has been in the great tradition.

What has given unity to a career marked by extraordinary vicissitudes and apparently inexplicable paradoxes is the fact that he has always felt that he is acting against the background of history. No man of our time is more firmly convinced that history is but past politics, and that politics are merely present history. With this historical sense has gone that of the dramatic, which has always been remarkably acute, as was proved both by his presence at the famous "siege" of Sidney Street, and his drive through London on the Coronation Day of the present Queen, with an escort from his old regiment in full-dress uniform.

In these circumstances it is not so remarkable as might otherwise be the case that at the age of eighty he conceives that he still has a great mission to perform—namely, that of bringing the cold war to an end, and of restoring real peace to the world. In speculating upon his prospects of success in this field it has to be remembered that we in Great Britain stand too close to Sir Winston to see him as he appears to the outside world. His prestige is enormous. Of the three men who brought the Second World War to a successful conclusion—Roosevelt, Stalin, and himself—only he is left. All this is no mean asset to his country at the present time, for he brings to the world's counsels a weight and an experience of which no other statesman, British or foreign, would be capable.

As a preliminary to any real settlement, it is generally agreed that Great Britain and the United States must work together, and those who have been in America of recent years will bear witness to the fact that Sir Winston's activities are as closely followed there as they are on this side of the Atlantic. Indeed, it is not too much to say that he is the strongest personal link between the two nations. Not the least important reason for this is the growing conviction in the United States that at the end of the war he was right and their own statesmen were wrong. Nothing in recent history has been more remarkable than the change in American foreign policy in the last ten years, and this has in no small measure been due to Sir Winston Churchill. It is no mean feat to alter the foreign policy of one's own country, but to transform

that of another is indeed a memorable accomplishment.

In fine, historians are likely to argue for many years to come about the achievements and character, the successes and failures of Sir Winston Churchill, but on one aspect of his life they will surely agree, and it is that everything he did was in the grand manner. He has, as we have seen, been many things in his time, but there is one aspect of his career which stands out above all others, and it is that in the darkest days he has never despaired of his country.



THE PRIME MINISTER'S SON : MR. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, WITH HIS SON, WINSTON, AND HIS DAUGHTER, ARABELLA, AT CHARTWELL.



SIR WINSTON AND LADY CHURCHILL, AT THE GARRICK THEATRE IN MAY 1948, WHEN THEIR DAUGHTER SARAH (HERE SHOWN IN COSTUME) PLAYED THE PART OF HENRIETTA IN A REVIVAL OF "THE BARRETTES OF WIMPOL STREET," IN WHICH THE LATE TOM WALLS WAS MR. BARRETT.



SIR WINSTON AT THE CHRISTENING OF HIS LATEST GRANDCHILD, CHARLOTTE CLEMENTINE SOAMES, THE SECOND DAUGHTER OF HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER, MARY.

This photograph, taken on November 6 at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Westerham, shows (l. to r.): Mr. Fitzroy Maclean, M.P., and Mrs. Duncan Sandys (the Prime Minister's daughter), the godparents; Mrs. Fitzroy Maclean; Lady Churchill and Sir Winston; Captain Soames, M.P., and Mrs. Soames (the Prime Minister's youngest daughter) with her baby daughter, Charlotte Clementine. In front are the other Soames children, Nicholas (six), Emma (five) and Jeremy (two).

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AN INFANT IN PETTICOATS: AS PORTRAYED IN A MINIATURE DURING HIS BABYHOOD.



WITH HIS MOTHER: THE INFANT WINSTON CHURCHILL WITH LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.



AS A SMALL BOY IN A SAILOR-SUIT WHEN HE WAS ABOUT FIVE YEARS OLD.



WEARING A STRAW BOATER: FROM A GROUP PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN ABOUT 1886, WHEN HE WAS TWELVE.



"I FIRST WENT TO HARROW IN THE SUMMER TERM": AS A SCHOOLBOY IN A TOP-HAT.



WEARING A BOWLER-HAT AND A SERIOUS EXPRESSION: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL AS A YOUNG BOY.



IN 1894, THE YEAR IN WHICH HE RECEIVED HIS COMMISSION: THE CADET AT SANDHURST.



THE YOUNG OFFICER IN THE 4TH QUEEN'S OWN HUSSARS, TO WHICH HE WAS GAZETTED IN 1895.



"I PASSED OUT OF SANDHURST INTO THE WORLD": LIEUTENANT WINSTON CHURCHILL OF THE 4TH HUSSARS.



IN 1898: DURING THE TIME WHEN HE WAS ATTACHED TO THE 21ST LANCERS.



IN 1899, WHEN HE HELD A LIEUTENANT'S COMMISSION IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN LIGHT HORSE.



THE YOUNG POLITICIAN: AT ABOUT THE TIME OF HIS ELECTION AS CONSERVATIVE M.P. FOR OLDHAM IN 1900.



IN 1908: PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE AND A MEMBER OF THE CABINET.



AT THE GRAND MANOEUVRES ON SALISBURY PLAIN IN 1910: THE YEOMANRY OFFICER WITH GENERAL FRENCH.



AS A SERVING OFFICER DURING WORLD WAR I: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL IN MARCH 1916.



THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY: AN APPOINTMENT HE FIRST HELD IN 1911.



THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER DRIVING TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL IN 1935.



THE MAN OF DESTINY: PREMIER, FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY, AND MINISTER OF DEFENCE, IN 1940.

EIGHTY ADVENTUROUS YEARS: SCENES FROM AN EVENTFUL LIFE: SIR WINSTON  
"Long may you fight, Sir, who fearless and eager. Look back to-day more than sixty years on." These words were sung to Sir Winston Churchill when he visited his old school, Harrow, earlier this month, and they will be echoed in the hearts of people throughout the world on Tuesday, November 30, when the

Prime Minister celebrates his eightieth birthday. On his birthday, which coincides with the opening of Parliament, the Prime Minister is to be greeted in Westminster Hall by Peers and Members of the House of Commons. He is to be presented by Mr. Attlee, Leader of the Opposition, with a portrait of himself in oils by

Mr. Graham Sutherland, as a tribute from the Members of the two Houses.

Mr. Grenfell, Socialist M.P. for Gower and Father of the House of Commons, will hand to Sir Winston a commemorative book containing the signatures of present Members of the House of Commons. The presentation ceremonies are to be

televised. People from all over the world have been contributing to the Sir Winston Churchill Eightieth Birthday Presentation Fund in amounts ranging from a few pence to hundreds of pounds. The donors include old-age pensioners who are anxious to join in this spontaneous birthday tribute.

CHURCHILL FROM INFANCY TO THE FULFILMENT OF HIS GREAT DESTINY.



MISS CLEMENTINE HOZIER, WHO MARRIED MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL IN 1908, WHEN HE WAS PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE.



LEAVING HER HOUSE IN HER GOING-AWAY DRESS AFTER HER MARRIAGE AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER : THE YOUNG BRIDE.



ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH OF MISS HOZIER BEFORE HER WEDDING, WHICH WAS ONE OF THE SOCIAL EVENTS OF THE YEAR.



WALKING IN LONDON IN 1925 WITH TWO OF HER CHILDREN : LADY CHURCHILL, WITH RANDOLPH AND DIANA. SIR WINSTON WAS THEN CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.



TAKING PART IN AN ANNUAL LAWN TENNIS EXHIBITION MATCH FOR CHARITY, IN LONDON, 1930 : (LEFT TO RIGHT) LADY (THEN MRS.) CHURCHILL, LADY ALINGTON AND LADY CATHLEEN WILLOUGHBY.



A STUDIO PORTAIT OF LADY CHURCHILL TAKEN IN 1951. HER MARRIAGE TO SIR WINSTON PROVED TO BE ONE OF THE HAPPIEST.



LEAVING NO. 10 TO ATTEND THE CORONATION AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY 1953 : LADY CHURCHILL, WIFE OF THE PRIME MINISTER.



TAKEN DURING WORLD WAR II : ANOTHER STUDIO PORTAIT OF LADY CHURCHILL, OCTOBER, 1941.



A PHOTOGRAPH OF LADY CHURCHILL TAKEN IN FEBRUARY, 1954, WHILE IN SCOTLAND.

LADY CHURCHILL, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO SIR WINSTON IN 1908 HAS PROVED TO BE ONE OF THE HAPPIEST OF ALL TIME.

Lady Churchill was, before her marriage at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on September 12, 1908, Miss Clementine Hozier, daughter of Sir Henry Hozier and Lady Blanche Hozier. A beautiful woman of twenty-three, eleven years younger than her already distinguished husband, she had only recently finished her education at the Sorbonne, in Paris, was a competent linguist, and keenly interested in politics. The match was, in fact, an ideal one, and throughout the many ups and downs of Sir Winston's career she has been his constant companion. The wedding which, in 1908, was one of the social events of the year, has resulted in a marriage which proved to be one of the happiest of all time.



AFTER THE WAR WAS OVER : LADY CHURCHILL, IN DECEMBER 1945.



OUR GREATEST MAN ON HOLIDAY: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL K.G. (LEFT), WHO CELEBRATES HIS 80TH BIRTHDAY ON NOVEMBER 30.

Sir Winston Churchill, K.G., Prime Minister of Great Britain, and greatest man of this era, was born on November 30, 1874, and thus attains the age of eighty next week. His far-seeing statesmanship, dominating personality and untiring intellectual drive made victory possible in World War II.; and under his leadership this country has, since 1951, made great strides towards economic stability and has regained her old prestige. The world

salutes Sir Winston Churchill. He is here shown seated (left) with his friend Lord Cherwell (who acted as his personal assistant in 1940) and Lady Churchill. The group was taken on a riverside terrace in Provence when Sir Winston was on holiday in the South of France, enjoying the pursuit of his favourite hobby, painting, in the region closely associated with the French Impressionist artist, Paul Cézanne.

Reproduced by courtesy of "Life" Magazine and the "Daily Telegraph."



The Young Statesman of World War I.: Sir Winston (then Mr.) Churchill.

This early portrait-sketch of Sir Winston (then Mr.) Churchill, by Ambrose McEvoy (1878-1927), was made from sittings towards the end of World War I. On the outbreak of hostilities Sir Winston was First Lord of the Admiralty, and subsequently he held the offices of Minister of Munitions and Secretary for War and Air.

*Exhibited at the Ambrose McEvoy Retrospective Exhibition of 1953 at the Leicester Galleries.*



The Right Hon. Sir Winston Churchill, K.G., P.C., O.M., C.B., T.D.  
Prime Minister of Great Britain and First Lord of the Treasury.

*From a Studio Portrait by Karsh of Ottawa.*



UNDAUNTED LEADER DURING BRITAIN'S DARKEST DAYS, WHEN HIS WORDS AND DEEDS INSPIRED THE NATION: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL IN THE GARDEN OF NO. 10, DOWNING STREET, DURING WORLD WAR II.



WITH A LOVING AND WELL-LOVED COMPANION: THE PRIME MINISTER, RECOVERED FROM HIS ILLNESS OF 1953, DRIVING AWAY FROM NO. 10, DOWNING STREET, WITH HIS MINIATURE POODLE, "RUFUS II."

### A DOMINATING FIGURE IN WAR AND PEACE: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, K.G.

The two colour photographs of Sir Winston Churchill, K.G., on this page are reprinted from the Eightieth Year Tribute to that great man, published earlier in the year by "The Illustrated London News" in the form of a Record Number which met with a remarkable success. It has now been decided to make a second issue in connection with the Prime Minister's birthday on November 30. In this Tribute

to Sir Winston Churchill there are about two hundred illustrations, twenty in full colour, and four photogravure plates, making it the most completely illustrated publication dealing with Sir Winston's life. Lord Winterton, Sir Charles Petrie, Captain Cyril Falls and Mr. E. D. O'Brien each present a different side of the great man's life and character, in the articles they have contributed to the number.



which I had never stopped to examine, assess, and admire—or otherwise.

First of all came a specimen for naming. It was a good deal the worse for Ordeal by Post, but somehow or other, perhaps by hunch, or a dim flicker of memory



"THE MILK-WHITE OF THE UPPERMOST LEAVES AND THE BRACKTS SURROUNDING THE FLOWER-CLUSTER HARMONISES PERFECTLY WITH THE GENERAL SOFT QUAKERLY GREEN": *EUPHORBIA MARGINATA*. "SNOW ON THE MOUNTAIN;" A LITTLE-GROWN BUT ENGAGING ANNUAL.

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

—certainly not by botanical erudition—I concluded that it was a Euphorbia. With that lead I consulted those two great authorities, the Seed Catalogue of Messrs. Thompson and Morgan of Ipswich, and the R.H.S. Dictionary of Gardening. Is there any worthwhile garden plant of which seed is not offered by the Ipswich firm? One might almost think so until one has dug deeply into the four volumes of the Dictionary.

Anyway, my luck was in. In the seed catalogue I found what I wanted. "*Euphorbia marginata* (Snow on the Mountain), pale green leaves, margined with white, and white bracts, used as a buttonhole plant, long lasting. Hardy annual. Height 2 ft." Next the R.H.S. Dictionary. Here the description is a little fuller. "Annual, up to 2 ft., much branched; leaves ovate or oblong, 1 to 3 ins. long, the upper ones white margined or entirely white. Flowers with large white bracts. September. North America. Hardy. Used as a buttonhole plant; long lasting." Those two descriptions left me in no doubt. Strange how great minds think alike. In this case they were unanimous, word-perfect as to "used as a button-hole plant, long lasting." I wonder who got there first! Later came another specimen of "Snow on the Mountain" for identification. It had, I think, been brought from a florist's shop in Paris but, although greatly fatigued by travel, it was unmistakably *Euphorbia marginata*, and the friend who sent it was enthusiastic about its charm and value as a cut flower.

The original sender of this plant, for naming, was good enough to send me a couple of seeds, from a very small pinch available. These I sowed in a pot under glass, as it was already late in the season for starting them. Both came up, and when they were a few inches high I planted them out in a sunny border. They grew, but the season was dead against them, and by late September,

## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

### SNOW AND FIRE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

TWICE this year I have been brought into direct contact with a plant which hitherto I had only seen on very rare occasions, and which I had never stopped to examine, assess, and admire—or otherwise.

at 9 ins. high, they showed no sign of flowering, so I lifted them, planted them in pots, and brought them into my unheated greenhouse, and there by mid-October they came into flower, each on a single, unbranched stem about 18 ins. high. Not that the flowers, themselves, amount to anything. They are a mere huddle of inconspicuous botanical absurdities, though, of course, highly important for reproductive purposes. It is the white-margined leaves and the white bracts which surround them at the summit of the stem that are so decorative. I cut both flower-heads during the first week of November, and have been enjoying them in a small vase in the house. At the end of a fortnight they are still in good shape, and all who have seen have admired them, and all, without exception, asked what they were. The leaves, which are the colour of light green jade, are especially beautiful on account of their curiously soft matt surface-texture, and the milk-white of the uppermost leaves and the bracts surrounding the flower-cluster harmonises perfectly with the general soft quakerly green. I have an idea that *Euphorbia marginata*—also known as *E. variegata*—is more widely-grown in France than in this country.

There is another hardy annual *Euphorbia* which I have never seen, but must most certainly try next summer. This is *Euphorbia heterophylla*, commonly and variously known as Mexican Fire Plant, Hypocrite Plant, Fire on the Mountain, and Annual Poinsettia. Growing to a height of 2 to 3 ft., it flowers from July to September, and the inconspicuous cluster of flowers is surrounded by leaves and, I suspect, bracts, which are bright red at the base, or blotched with red and white. This species is thus described, and well figured, in a recently published book "Annual Flowers," by Angus C. Barber.\* In the illustration it looks very like the splendid greenhouse Poinsettia, *Euphorbia pulcherrima*.

In a recent article I told how a specimen of spindle tree, *Euonymus europaeus*, in my garden, although a great strapping bush, has so far never produced a single berry. A friend has since written explaining the reason for this disappointing lapse. "If you look up *Euonymus europaeus* in the new Flora of the British Isles," he says, "you will see 'Flowers hermaphrodite or polygamous,' and," he adds, "if you look up 'polygamous' in the glossary—for it has a special meaning when used botanically—you will see: 'Polygamous—having male, female and hermaphrodite flowers on the same or different plants.'" The old eternal triangle, apparently, with variations and complications. Doubtless my bush is all male. I now have on order a specimen each of the two varieties of spindle tree which I mentioned in my article, *Euonymus europaeus intermedium* and *E. e. aldenhamensis*, both of which carry magnificent and brilliant crops of berries with perfect regularity. I have also planted a specimen of the outstandingly fine variety, for which Messrs. Jackman of Woking recently received an Award of Merit, R.H.S. Apparently these

good forms of spindle fruit with the greatest freedom when grown as isolated specimens, so presumably they are sexually self-sufficient.

I have been greatly puzzled by a small seedling avocado pear tree which I raised from a stone, and about which I wrote on this page last year. It grew to a height of 4 or 5 ins. Its stem was bright red, smooth and glossy, and its leaves brilliant gold. Although perhaps a somewhat trivial horticultural scrap, it was decorative in its small way, and amused and interested me quite a lot. But after a few months it suddenly dropped its leaves, and fell into a great obstinate sulk which lasted for six months or more. Until then it lived on a window-sill in the house. But all last summer I kept it in my unheated greenhouse, hoping that the light and the trapped sun-warmth would rouse it from its apathy. But no, it persisted in sulking, its bare red stem apparently perfectly healthy. But as autumn set in and the average temperature in the greenhouse fell, the little tree began to push out a couple of minute side-shoots. The trunk is still red, but tending towards a more orange tone. The new shoots are as gold as last year's leaves. Now, for safety, I have brought it back to its window-sill in the house and, for extra comfort and in imitation of greenhouse conditions, I have put an inverted tumbler over it, cloche-wise.



"VARIOUSLY KNOWN AS MEXICAN FIRE PLANT, HYPOCRITE PLANT, FIRE ON THE MOUNTAIN, AND ANNUAL POINSETTIA": ANOTHER ANNUAL EUPHORBIA, *E. HETEROPHYLLA*, "THE INCONSPICUOUS CLUSTER OF FLOWERS IS SURROUNDED BY LEAVES AND, I SUSPECT, BRACKTS WHICH ARE BRIGHT RED AT THE BASE, OR BLOTTCHED WITH RED AND WHITE."

Photograph reproduced from the book "Annual Flowers," by Angus C. Barber; by the courtesy of the publishers, Faber and Faber.

### FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR.

A gift that gives pleasure throughout the year is surely the ideal choice when considering the shopping list for this Christmas and New Year. Fifty-two copies of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will make 1955 a year full of interest for friends and relations at home and overseas.

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Last spring I planted another avocado stone in a pot, and after six months' static deliberation it has recently germinated, and sent up a vigorous shoot which has reached 9 ins., and is still going strong. But it is entirely different from my original specimen. Not only is it three or four times as vigorous, but its stem is dull prunecolour instead of red, and its leaves are green, with a tinge of beetroot red. I can only suppose that my first avocado pear tree is a freak golden variety, which would account for its lack of vigour. If ever it reaches any appreciable size it should be an extremely decorative parlour plant. Hitherto it has remained a bright, engaging little toy.

\* "Annual Flowers," by Angus C. Barber. Illustrated. (Faber and Faber; 25s.)



WHERE GREAT BRITAIN HAS ASSUMED NEW  
THE NORTH ATLANTIC—A FINE EXAMPLE



A BRITISH WEATHER SHIP, WEATHER OBSERVER—A CONVERTED CORVETTE—ON A STATION IN THE ATLANTIC, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A RELIEVING SHIP. (Crown Copyright Reserved)



AN OBSERVER IN THE WEATHER SHIP, WEATHER WATCHER, TAKING TEMPERATURE READINGS FROM THERMOMETERS ON THE DECK OF THE SHIP.

RESPONSIBILITIES: THE WEATHER SHIPS OF CO-OPERATION BETWEEN NATIONS.



A WEATHER SHIP RIDING HEAVY SEAS WITH A WIND FORCE SPEED OF ABOUT 40 KNOTS. THE SHIPS ARE DESIGNEDLY A LITTLE SHORT OF THE AVERAGE LENGTH OF AN ATLANTIC WAVE. (Crown Copyright Reserved.)



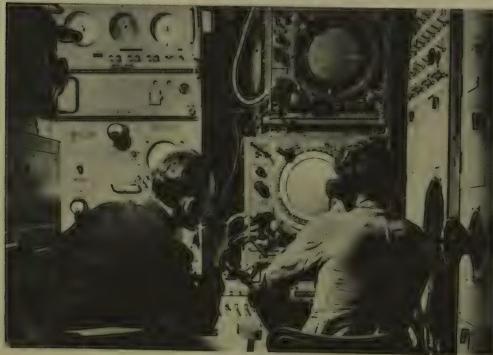
A GENERAL VIEW OF PART OF THE "MET" ROOM OF WEATHER WATCHER, SHOWING OBSERVERS TAKING INSTRUMENT READINGS AND BUILDING UP THE WEATHER REPORT. (Continued opposite.)

UNDER an agreement signed originally in 1949, ten weather stations were maintained in the North Atlantic at various points shown on the map on these pages. Of these the U.S. were responsible for five—"Bravo," "Coca," "Delta," "Echo" and "Hotel." European nations operating three and five. In October 1953, the U.S. decided that they would no longer maintain weather ships in the North Atlantic owing to the cost. Great Britain reviewed this decision, and under an agreement which came into force in July this year agreed to maintain four of their stations. These are "Hotel" (being deleted) with eleven instead of fourteen ships. Under this agreement Great Britain originally had one, "India," and in conjunction with the Netherlands, "Juliett." As from Christmas Day, however, Great Britain is taking over additional responsibility, and under the new arrangement "Metro" will be operated by Norway, while the remaining four, "Alfa," "India," "Juliett" and "Kilo" will be occupied by British, French and Netherlands vessels in rotation. A British vessel will first man "Alfa" on Christmas Day, and the first British tour of duty at "Kilo" begins on February 20.

(Continued opposite.)



WEATHER STATIONS, AFTER JUNE 30, 1954, "HOTEL" EXPANSION OF THEIR INITIALS. (Crown Copyright Reserved.)



A SENIOR METEOROLOGICAL OFFICER AT WORK ON STATION, MAKING A CALCULATION WITH REFERENCE TO THE CHART SPREAD OUT IN FRONT OF HIM.



A METEOROLOGICAL OFFICER TAKING READINGS IN WEATHER WATCHER. THESE COMprise SURFACE RECORDINGS AND SAMPLINGS OF THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE.



THE CAPTAIN OF A BRITISH WEATHER SHIP (LEFT) IN CONFERENCE WITH THE SENIOR METEOROLOGICAL OFFICER. THE AVERAGE COMPLEMENT IS RATHER OVER FIFTY.



A RADIO-SONDE BALLOON WITH A RADAR "TARGET" ATTACHED BELOW. THESE BALLOONS, RELEASED FOUR TIMES EVERY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, ARE USED FOR UPPER WIND OBSERVATIONS. (Crown Copyright Reserved.)

I HAVE always taken a deep interest in the Hashemite Kingdom of the Jordan, as the files, though doubtless very few memories, bear witness. In fact, when I think or write of Jordan I have to school myself to be objective, because I am aware of a danger that I shall regard it through a sentimental haze. I have visited it twice only, but the gap between the two visits, twenty-five years, covers virtually its whole life. We all carry about with us a series of memories of particular interest and liveliness—sometimes, but not always, of happiness—and both of these trips hold a leading place in my collection. I have had no chance in my life of entering deeply into the Arab world, and my talks in tents over ferociously bitter coffee have, alas! required the aid of interpreters, but they have made me feel almost as much at home as though I were an old resident. The genuine habitués will smile at this, but they are mostly tolerant to ardent outsiders, more so than to each other, and they do not demand a closed shop.

The relations between Britain and Jordan have been so overwhelmingly better than those between virtually any two States one can think of in similar situations, that the tendency is to regard them as perfect and immune from all risk. This is not actually the case and could not be. Pure nationalism has caused a certain amount of unrest regarding them. A feeling that British sentiment is too tender to Israel heats some heads. Resentment over outside taunts that Jordan is a sort of kept woman to a Power lawfully wedded elsewhere appears among the more intelligent and sensitive. There have been murmurs all the while. There have been some more serious troubles, connected in greater or less degree with the British place in Jordan. I repeat that, when one looks about a world in which nationalism appears as a fever in the least expected places, one is right in concluding that the situation is good in this case. Yet the rumblings demand consideration. It is much easier to let such a relationship as this deteriorate than to create and maintain it. And deterioration can be rapid.

Under the treaty, Britain pays for and trains the Arab Legion, makes use of the base of Aqaba, and keeps detachments of the Royal Air Force on the airfields of Mafrak and Amman. She also makes contributions to the budget and for economic development which are of considerable importance to a poor country. She controls entirely the funds allocated to the Legion, now amounting to over £7,000,000. She makes some further contribution indirectly through the United Nations Relief and Works Agency (U.N.R.W.A.). She does not in any sense control Jordan foreign policy, but she is bound by her own declaration to take action in the case of violation by either Arabs or Jews of frontiers or lines traced by armistice makers. (There are, of course, constant violations in the literal sense, and the appropriate machinery is constantly dealing with them, sometimes successfully, more often not; but they do not amount to national violations.) This factor cannot fail to influence British interest in the policy of Jordan.

The treaty is not due for revision until 1963, which is a long way ahead in politics, especially in the Middle East. The Government which has just taken office in Amman, however, desires that certain modifications should be discussed, though it appears with no suggestion that any should be made unless agreeable to both sides. The attitude of the Jordan Government seems to be that the present arrangements place the country in an invidious light, as though it were living as a hireling. Local opinion, which sometimes, as a result of isolation, goes far astray in political matters, is right in this, that the country provides assets which are of great value to Britain. The bases certainly are, and I for one consider the Legion a good investment. The benefits, then, are not altogether one-sided. It seems reasonable to expect the possibility of changes which will go at least part of the way to meet the wishes of the Jordanians about the subsidies. At the same time it seems inconceivable that Britain should

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE FUTURE OF JORDAN.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

consent to pay that for the Legion directly to the Government. That would be too much to ask, and I do not know that it will be asked.

No close link exists between these considerations and the black blight which hangs over Jordan, but they are not altogether unconnected. Of the vast number of Arab refugees committed to the care of U.N.R.W.A. in Jordan, Syria, Lebanon, and Egypt, approaching 900,000 all told, the largest proportion is in Jordan. In the course of my last visit, eighteen months ago, I heard a lot, though I had time only, since I was mainly concerned with other matters, to see a little. A recent report shows that the dreary picture has not grown any brighter in the interval. It is much the same, a shade worse rather than better, because the number of births exceeds the number of jobs found for adults. I wrote here on my return that it would be long before any serious remedy could be found, but I confess I was wrong in supposing that there would have been by now some small alleviation of the evil. One big scheme based on irrigation, known as "Jordan-Yarmuk" project, was then under discussion. It is under discussion still.

Most of the experts find a great deal of promise in it. Even the most optimistic forecasts do not put

standards for refugees were raised above their own standards, which for the poor are very low. It is also a fact that none of the countries in which refugees are quartered have any appreciable margin of agricultural land. That on which the refugee settlements are now to be found is, for the most part, extremely poor.

Where it seems to me all the Arab Governments concerned are at fault is that they tend to encourage the hopeless aspirations of the refugees to return to their former lands in Israel. These aspirations have been harmful. They have increased the apathy of the refugees and, in many cases, prevented them from taking such small opportunities as have been presented to them. The other hope, that of finding opportunity for all the refugees to make a living through reclamation of land, even at very high cost, may not be quite so dim. So far as I know, however, if it is ever reached, the time must be measured in terms of the generation rather than of the year. Meanwhile the morale, of the adults at least, inevitably worsens. Even the few thousands who find land or jobs each year, leave the mass a little weaker, because they generally represent the best. There is a little emigration to the richer, oil-producing, Arab countries, and when an artisan goes, there is the prospect of another being trained to take his place; but this touches only the fringe. Large-scale emigration of the refugees themselves would be the ideal answer, but where are they to go?

When I say that this dreadful predicament is connected with Britain's relations with Jordan, with the bases, the Legion, and the strategic position of the country, it is because the future political and spiritual

health of the country must, in the long run, suffer gravely if no way out is found. I was told last year that Communism had made little progress in the settlements, but it is unsafe to prophesy that this will continue to be the case. Besides, there are other political diseases. I am afraid I see no solution, at least none likely to be adopted in the near future, which goes to the root of the trouble. Some increase in the funds and power of U.N.R.W.A. would doubtless help. A more realistic approach on the part of the Arab Governments certainly would. If, as is foretold, conversations on the subject of the treaty take place in London shortly, it ought to be pointed out in the most friendly way, but in unmistakable terms, that outside aid cannot be effective as

### AN INTERESTING ACQUISITION FOR THE LONDON MUSEUM.



"HYDE PARK IN 1858"; BY JOHN RITCHIE, A SCOTTISH ARTIST, WHICH HAS BEEN RECENTLY PURCHASED BY THE LONDON MUSEUM WITH THE AID OF THE NATIONAL ART-COLLECTIONS FUND.

This interesting painting of Hyde Park by John Ritchie, a Scottish artist of the mid-nineteenth century, has been purchased by the London Museum with the aid of the National Art-Collections Fund. It is dated 1858 and was formerly in a private collection in Scotland. The scene is at the north-east corner of the Serpentine, many works of the kind at that period, while the fact that it represents Hyde Park makes it a highly suitable work for the London Museum. Arrangements for it to be put on exhibition at an early date were undertaken immediately after its purchase.

By courtesy of the London Museum.

the number of people who could be settled in modest decency under it at more than 150,000, so that it could in no circumstances be more than a partial solution of the problem, but it would represent a most welcome amelioration. Unhappily, it has made little progress, even on paper. The wretched political conditions stand in its way because of the bad feeling between Jordan and Israel. Even now Jordan is protesting against alleged diversion of the waters of the river by Israel. There is nothing else to be described, even on the remote horizon. Meanwhile, this vast and miserable band is being kept alive on a pretty low ration scale by U.N.R.W.A. I was a witness of examples of the brightest feature, the devoted efforts being made with small resources on behalf of the children in nourishment, education, medical supervision, and physical exercises. They merit high praise.

The first thing to bear in mind before approaching the problem itself is that by no means all Arab refugees in Jordan are living in the refugee camps. People with enterprise or capital, or both, have made for themselves substantial positions in professions and trades. Artisans, in fact almost all refugees with skill of a marketable type, have established themselves in their new country. For example, quite a large proportion of the transformation of Amman from an unimpressive town into an impressive city has been due to Arab money and Arab enterprise. Yet all this happened some time ago, and the development has come to an end. None of the Governments, Jordan or any other, can be said to have been co-operative. To a great extent this is due to the fact that they cannot venture to be. Their own people would be angered if the

it might be unless backed by inside support.

British policy in Jordan has been admirably seconded by the work of British officers, in astonishingly small numbers, who have made of the Arab Legion, with the aid of the British taxpayer, a fine little fighting force. The strategic importance of the country has increased as a result of the recent settlement of the Suez Canal Zone question. It may be increased still further if all the Arab States come to agreement on the further consolidation of Middle East defence, which now seems more likely than it has for a long time. Britain has, of course, some bitter enemies in Jordan, but they are in a small minority. I hope that no outside pressure will deflect her from the course she has calmly and competently pursued, because I believe that this combines expediency with honour. In continuing it she may have to face greater difficulties than hitherto, but they are not likely to be insuperable.

Is it too much to hope that she will at this moment, when an unfavourable report from U.N.R.W.A. has been presented, renew her former appeals to the conscience of the civilised world on behalf of these outcasts as well as point out, where needful, that charity begins at home? The Anglo-Jordanian partnership has already been fruitful and has great possibilities before it. Yet it must seem to the outside observer an anomaly that we can do so much for the country's defence while the plight of its unhappy colonies of exiles remains unremedied. Obviously, what we can do alone is limited, but we can remind humanity of what is being forgotten.



SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S RIGHT-HAND MAN DURING THE STRENUOUS AND EXACTING YEARS OF WORLD WAR II.:  
GENERAL LORD ISMAY, G.C.B., C.H., D.S.O., SECRETARY-GENERAL OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC TREATY ORGANISATION.

With this photograph of Lord Ismay, Secretary-General of N.A.T.O. and Vice-Chairman of the North Atlantic Council since 1952, we continue our series of portraits of great leaders. Lord Ismay was closely associated with Sir Winston Churchill during World War II., and is a valued personal friend of our greatest Englishman as well as a most deeply-trusted colleague. Born in 1887, he had already achieved military distinction when war broke out, and had held many important Staff appointments. In 1938 he became Secretary, Committee of

Imperial Defence; and in the war years, 1940-46, he held the vitally important position of Chief of Staff to the Minister of Defence; and in 1940-45 that of Deputy Secretary (Military) to the War Cabinet. When Lord Ismay visited London early in November, he pointed out that we "had only got to remain united and be true to ourselves and each other and all will be well." Earlier this year in Lisbon he said that the progress of N.A.T.O. had not been spectacular, but steady, with grounds for satisfaction but not for complacency.

*Exclusive portrait study by Karsh of Ottawa.*



THERE are occasions when the products of any and all of the European porcelain factories seem to reach an apogee of gay appropriateness which is beyond compare and a style which is at once original, flowing and charming; in the case of Meissen, this happened with its ornaments, in the work of Kändler; in the case of its useful wares, during the second half



FIG. 1. EXPRESSING THE GENUINE FAR EASTERN MAGIC: A RED FISH STEM CUP (PA PEI) BEARING THE SIX-CHARACTER MARK OF HSUAN TE. MING DYNASTY. FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

This stem cup decorated with red fish is an example of austere and beautiful Chinese design of the fifteenth century. It bears the six-character mark of Hsuan Te within a double ring in underglaze blue in the interior. Frank Davis wonders what effect such a piece would have had on European eighteenth-century potters had they ever seen one. [By courtesy of Sotheby's.]

of the eighteenth century. This is not a popular belief, most people praising the work of people like C. F. Herold of the 1720's and '30's, and rather looking down their noses at the looser, less formal and maybe more French designs of the later period. I don't know that one can prove anything one way or another, but as far as I am concerned the delightful colouring and gaiety of the Meissen tureen of Fig. 3, part of a dinner service belonging to the Baroness Burton sold at Christie's in 1950, is—whatever may be current collecting fashions—ininitely preferable to the rather laboured and impressive style of the first thirty years of the factory; preferable, also, to those rare and beautifully detailed imitations of the Chinese, which are wonders of potting and painting, and yet somehow fail to be anything more than an ingenious pretence—such a piece as the fine bowl of Fig. 2, which has just about every technical virtue and a range of colours of a most impressive kind: blue, two greens, yellow and manganese, and the splendid iron-red peculiar to the factory in its early days. None the less, it is a European disguised as a Chinese—a European who has discovered a Chinese secret, but has not yet discovered himself; for these echoes of a Far Eastern magic, however mellifluous in themselves, have not quite the same flute-like tones when played upon a Western instrument.

What is, I think, interesting is to remember that when Meissen first began to manufacture real—that is, hard paste—porcelain, the only models available were the seventeenth-and-early-eighteenth-century Chinese pieces which had been brought to Europe by the Dutch East India Company. No one had any conception of the vast range of the earlier wares, nor of their extraordinary subtlety. What would Europe have made of them had they been part of the ordinary commercial cargoes? Suppose a few stem cups had come over and had found their way

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. EUROPE FINDS ITSELF.

By FRANK DAVIS.

into the vast collection of Augustus the Strong at Dresden?—things of the quality of the cup of Fig. 1, with its three red fish. We are tempted, urged on by our present meticulously exact scientific knowledge, to imagine that the German contemporaries of George I. would have admired these comparatively early pieces as much as we do, and would have proceeded to copy them as earnestly as they copied the manufacture of their own period. I very much doubt whether they would have done anything of the sort. It is difficult to put oneself back into the minds of men who lived more than two centuries ago, but it is at least arguable that they would have regarded so comparatively austere a design as primitive and dull. Europe had long been accustomed to gorgeous colours in, above all things, Italian Maiolica, and it seems unlikely that the taste of the German princelings at the beginning of the eighteenth century would have been content with so discreet a tradition; other influences, including those of the Chinese of their own time, would be too strong.

That the latter had a very shrewd idea of the taste of the West seems clear enough from the evidence of their export wares, nearly all of them either blue and white or polychrome or brilliant single colours—such as the fine red known as *sang-de-boeuf*—(an oddly unpoetical description, by the way). And when you counter this statement by pointing out the enormous numbers of celadon dishes and vases which were also exported, I, in my turn, draw your attention to the number of those celadon vases which were seized upon and married to elaborate ormolu mounts; proving that eighteenth-century Europe, on the whole, preferred its lilies to be painted. All this happened at a time when the Chinese themselves were fascinated by the work of their ancestors of the Sung Dynasty and were producing astonishing imitations of those various lavender-blue-grey wares; but these they kept to themselves, partly because they liked them and understood them, partly, I suspect, because their acute business sense warned them that such things would be too subtle for Europeans.

What I am trying to establish is that Europe did well to emancipate itself from Chinese tradition, delightful though so many of its obvious imitations were. Every factory—I think, without exception—went through a phase of mere copying. That was natural enough, and no doubt necessary if this new craft of porcelain was to be learnt; so powerful an influence could scarcely be ignored. But European potters only began to exist in their own right, as it were, when they abandoned Chinese idioms and plucked up courage to speak their own language; that is why, it seems to me, such a service as that—a piece of which is shown in Fig. 3—is so good, and equally so the series of figures made at Nymphenburg by that extraordinarily gifted modeller, Franz Anton Bustelli, whose talents were so exactly suited to the brittle medium of porcelain, and also the no less brittle temper of the society of his day—he died in



FIG. 2. DECORATED IN IMITATION CHINESE STYLE IN BLUE, TWO GREENS, IRON-RED, YELLOW AND MANGANESE: A MEISSEN BOWL, c. 1725.

This bowl "has just about every technical virtue and a range of colours of a most impressive kind." But "None the less, it is a European disguised as a Chinese—European who has discovered a Chinese secret, but has not yet discovered himself . . ."

By courtesy of Sotheby's.

1763. A whole case of these vivacious and charming things is included in the exhibition of Rococo Art from Bavaria at the Victoria and Albert Museum, and, by the time this note appears, a series of nine from characters in the Italian *Commedia Dell'Arte* [illustrated in our last week's issue] will have come under the hammer at Christie's—a series from a Dutch collection, that of the Baroness Van Zuylen Van Nyevelt, which, judging from the catalogue, is likely to have made auction-room history, for such things are rare as

well as fine. The Bustelli figures in the Bavarian Exhibition are lent by the National Museum at Munich, and seeing them in those surroundings, you and I, solemn islanders on the fringe of the Continent, appreciate them immediately as frivolous nonsenses, for we expect porcelain to be gay, and actors and actresses to be even gayer. What we find difficult to grasp is that not merely potters and modellers looked at life as if it was a piece of good theatre, but the sculptors and people working for the church—and that, to us, is difficult to follow, and explains why a silver votive statue of the kneeling Crown Prince Maximilian Joseph—a thing of rather mawkish sentiment—has been rudely compared to an Edwardian doorstep. We don't take easily to exaggerated gesture in religious art, but to the European potter, at this time in the history of his craft, all the world was a stage, a view which was held fervently by many artists of talent, as is abundantly clear from the exhibition. But how little we know about the individuals who were responsible for such achievements!—this Bustelli, for example. The information about him is meagre to a degree. Born in 1723 at Locarno. Next to nothing seems to be known about his early years, but it is thought that he must have worked at the Vienna factory. He joined the Bavarian factory in 1754, and died at the age of forty—one among many of all ages and climes who have given the world something lasting and exist only in that! And how many of us will leave so eloquent a memorial?



FIG. 3. THE WORK OF A EUROPEAN POTTER SPEAKING HIS OWN LANGUAGE: A MEISSEN SOUP TUREEN, DATING FROM THE SECOND HALF OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. This Meissen soup tureen, part of a dinner service dating from the second half of the eighteenth century, is decorated with groups of birds, insects, flowering trees and plants. Frank Davis points out that it represents what European potters produced when they had abandoned Chinese idioms and plucked up courage to speak their own language."

By courtesy of Christie's.



FIG. 1. TWO WARRIORS WITH LONG SWORDS, MAKING THE GESTURE OF ADORATION. FROM THE ABINI CACHE. (5½ ins. [14·5 cms.] high.)



FIG. 2. A TRIBAL CHIEFTAIN WITH CLOAK, STAFF AND DAGGER ON THE BREAST. ONE OF THE MOST IMPRESSIVE. (Height, 11 7/8 ins. [29 cms.])



FIG. 3. ONE OF AN ENIGMATIC GROUP OF FIGURES EACH SHOWING A GODDESS WITH A CHILD OR YOUNG MAN ON THE KNEE. (Height, 4 1/2 ins. [11 cms.])



FIG. 4. AN ARCHER WITH AN ARMOURED KILT AND A CURIOUS SHOULDER SHIELD. THOUGHT TO SHOW ASIATIC INFLUENCES. FROM SA COSTA. (Height, 6 ins. [15·5 cms.])



FIG. 5. AN ARCHER WITH A DRAWN BOW, HORNED HELMET AND A FEATHERED LANCE IN A QUIVER. (Height, 11 1/2 ins. [30 cms.])



FIG. 6. A WARRIOR GOD, WITH FOUR EYES, FOUR ARMS, TWO SHIELDS AND A HORNED HELMET. FROM ABINI. (Height, 8 1/2 ins. [21·5 cms.])



FIG. 7. ANOTHER WARRIOR WITH A DRAWN BOW WEARING GREAVES AND HORNED HELMET. FROM ABINI. (Height, 7 1/2 ins. [18 cms.])



FIG. 8. A PRIESTESS MAKING A LIBATION—A MOST IMPRESSIVE, ALMOST MEDIEVAL, SMALL FIGURE. (Height, 3 1/2 ins. [10 cms.])



FIG. 9. A MAN WITH A POINTED BEARD MAKING AN OFFERING OF FOOD AND DRINK. (Height, 4 1/2 ins. [12·5 cms.])

#### "ANCIENT BRONZES FROM SARDINIA": POTENT AND LITTLE-KNOWN SCULPTURE, NOW ON EXHIBITION IN LONDON.

*[Continued.]*

bronzes are ascribed, lasted from 800 to 500 B.C. Although many of the bronzes are realistic in detail, they are generally purposive rather than representational, and have much in common with modern sculpture and sometimes with West African (*cf.* Fig. 6), whereas they also reflect ancient Cretan, Near

Eastern and Cypriot influences. Figs. 3, 4, 8 and 9 are reproduced by courtesy of the publishers, Editions "Cahiers d'Art," Paris, from a remarkable book, "La Civilisation de la Sardaigne," by Christian Zervos, of which we hope to give an extended review in a later issue.




# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## ALLIGATORS AND CROCODILES.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

NINE-YEAR-OLD Susan permitted me the honour of accompanying her round the galleries of the museum. The conversation was apt to be somewhat one-sided as I did my best to explain in terms as simple as I thought necessary the exhibits in the

names were people of perception and discrimination or that the naming was accidental and happened to fit or was made to fit later. At all events, we have

two lines of search, the etymological and the zoological.

"Crocodile" has come down to us fairly directly, from the Greek through the Latin *crocodilus*. Many centuries later came the discovery of America, when, presumably, the Spanish adventurers saw what they thought was the large lizard (*el largato*) of North America, and subsequent transformation produced "alligator" from *el largato*. In South America they spoke of *el lagarto de Indias*, which was ousted from favour by the native Guiana word "caiman" or

Dr. W. E. Swinton (printed by order of the Trustees of the British Museum (Natural History), price 5s). From this we learn that the crocodiles have a long history and were widely distributed in the Mesozoic, which began nearly 200,000,000 years ago and lasted for 130,000,000 years. During the earlier part of that period an order of reptiles, the Thecodontia, was distributed over the lands and shallow waters. They were, for the most part, small, merely a few feet long, and their name is derived from the hollow teeth implanted in deep sockets, each tooth having its successor developing in the hollow base. Many of the Thecodonts were terrestrial, with a tendency to become bipedal, others were aquatic, with large, pointed skulls. The first gave rise to the Dinosaurs, the second to the Phytosaurs, superficially resembling crocodiles, and until recently regarded as ancestral crocodiles, a view no longer held.

The earliest true crocodile, about 3 ft. long, was unearthed from the Dinosaur Canyon beds of Arizona within recent years. From forms such as this seem to have been developed the crocodiles of mid-Mesozoic times. While there are still many gaps in our knowledge of their anatomy and habits, the rocks in which their remains are found suggest that they lived in the sea, and this is confirmed by the finding of "stomach-stones stained black with the ink of cuttle-fish . . ." By the end of the Mesozoic period the crocodiles were, to all intents and purposes, of the kinds with which we are familiar to-day. They were by then forsaking the sea for life in the marshes.

Not only was their geographical distribution then different, but in addition to other considerations, the cooling of the climate in the temperate zone has reduced the area of the world they occupy as well as the number of their species. Otherwise they show little change in essentials.

Soon after the close of the Mesozoic period, in the lower Tertiary, we have evidence of the first alligator, from abundant remains in Europe. What steps led to their emergence, what significance there could be to the changes affecting that fourth tooth cannot be wholly appreciated in the story as it is known to us at present. One thing is of



"WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AN ALLIGATOR AND A CROCODILE ?": THE NILE CROCODILE (*CROCODILUS NILOTICUS*). CROCODILES HAVE THE FOURTH TOOTH OF THE LOWER JAW, THE FIRST ENLARGED ONE, FITTING INTO A NOTCH IN THE SIDE OF THE UPPER JAW.

cases. My young companion had very little to say, and I had a growing uneasiness that either she found my words unintelligible or that I was failing to sustain her interest. Then suddenly, though quietly, she took the offensive. We were standing in front of a case containing skulls of the order *Loricata* (the crocodiles). "Why," she asked, "are some skulls labelled 'crocodile' and some 'alligator' when they all look alike?" So here we were with the very old question : What is the difference between a crocodile and an alligator? Not such a simple question either, as we shall see. Fortune was on my side, however, for it was not so long previously that I had read somewhere that alligators are found in southern China, Africa and Australia. This had struck me as completely wrong, so I had gone very fully into the matter, and had remembered sufficient to be able to answer Susan's question with hardly a pause to think.

There are, of course, two species only of true alligators, one (*Alligator mississippiensis*) of the basin of the Mississippi and one in the basin of the Yangtse-kiang (*Alligator sinensis*). It is a very common question, how to tell a crocodile from an alligator, and many books answer by saying that the head of an alligator is shorter and broader than that of a crocodile. Some add, also, a note about the teeth. H. W. Parker, writing in the "Standard Natural History" (Warne), says : "Actually, there is very little external difference, and the two terms are often misapplied. Crocodiles have the fourth tooth of the lower jaw, the first enlarged one, fitting into a notch in the side of the upper jaw, whereas alligators, including Caimans, have it concealed in a pit." The standing of the author of these words is such that we may take this as an authoritative statement. So now we have crocodiles and alligators, distinguishable mainly by the way in which the fourth tooth of the lower jaw is couched when the mouth is closed. We also have the caimans of South America, close relatives of the true alligators, with this structural feature in common with the true alligator.

Then there springs to mind another question. Common names, with rare exceptions, antedate the systematic study of zoology by many centuries. They are usually based on some obvious external difference, but, as we have seen, "there is very little external difference" between crocodiles and true alligators. Further, the South American aquatic reptiles most nearly like the alligators are called caimans. Moreover, true crocodiles are found not only in southern Asia, Africa and Australia, but also in South America, the West Indies and southern North America. Since geographical considerations were not helpful, we can only suppose that those who first bestowed the common



THE ESTUARINE CROCODILE (*CROCODILUS POROSUS*), WHICH HAS A DISTRIBUTION FROM INDIA TO CHINA, AUSTRALIA, FIJI AND THE SOLOMON ISLANDS. DR. BURTON SAYS THAT THOSE BEST QUALIFIED TO SPEAK SAY THAT THERE IS VERY LITTLE EXTERNAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE ALLIGATOR AND THE CROCODILE SAVE IN THE MANNER IN WHICH THE FOURTH TOOTH OF THE LOWER JAW IS LODGED.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

"cayman." The same beasts in the upper reaches of the Amazon are known as "jacaré" or "yacaré," and the present-day usage reflects this in the Brazilian jacaré tinga (*Caiman trigomatus*) and the jacaré ássi (*Caiman niger*). But however we study or transpose this variety of names, the distinguishing feature is what happens to the fourth tooth in the lower jaw, which is concealed in a pit in the upper jaw in alligators (and caimans), and fits into a notch in the upper jaw in crocodiles. And this simple explanation was all I gave to Susan.

On the face of it, it would seem to matter little to an animal whether its fourth tooth fits into a notch or a pit. Yet this distinction between the two groups of *Loricata* has been very persistent and makes it possible to trace their ancestries back in time. In tracing the ancestries, also, it becomes less remarkable that of the two surviving species of true alligator one should be found in the Mississippi basin and the other in South China.

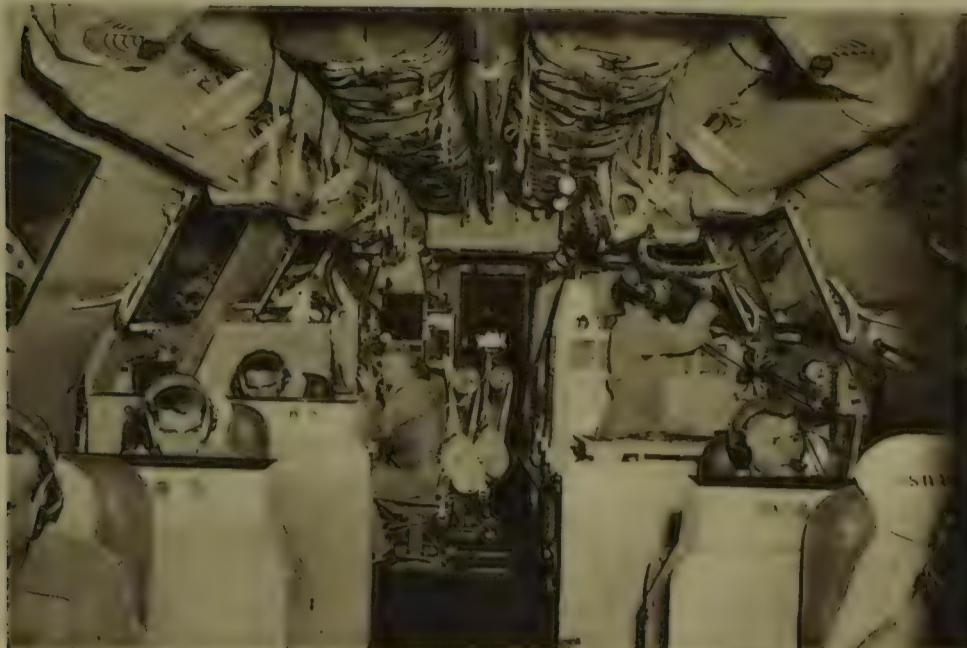
Subsequent to our tour of the museum, there was published "Fossil Amphibians and Reptiles," by



ONE OF THE ONLY TWO SPECIES OF TRUE ALLIGATORS: THE CHINESE ALLIGATOR (*ALLIGATOR SINENSIS*) FROM THE BASIN OF THE YANGTSE-KIANG. ALLIGATORS, INCLUDING CAIMANS, HAVE THE FOURTH TOOTH OF THE LOWER JAW RESTING IN A PIT IN THE UPPER JAW.

interest, that alligators were numerous and widely-spread in the world of Tertiary times. Like the crocodiles they are now in reduced circumstances, but the hand of time has been heavier on them, leaving them but one species in America (apart from the caimans) and one in China.

## AT HOME AND ABROAD: THE INGENUITY OF MAN; AND GOLDEN JUBILEES.



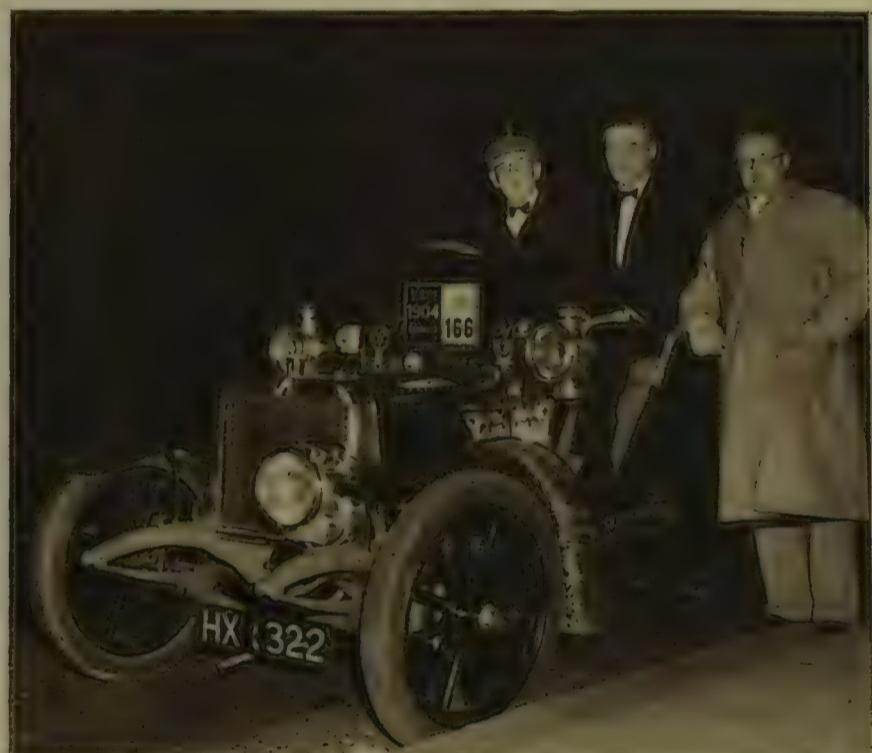
A RADAR STATION OF THE AIR: THE INTERIOR OF A U.S. LOCKHEED SUPER CONSTELLATION, FROM WHICH THE SPECIALLY TRAINED CREW SEEK INTRUDERS AND DIRECT THEIR INTERCEPTION. The national defence measures being developed by the U.S. Navy include new radar early-warning aircraft which can spot "enemy" invaders and direct their destruction, despite fog, rain or darkness, from aerial command posts. The aircraft are manned by specially trained crews.



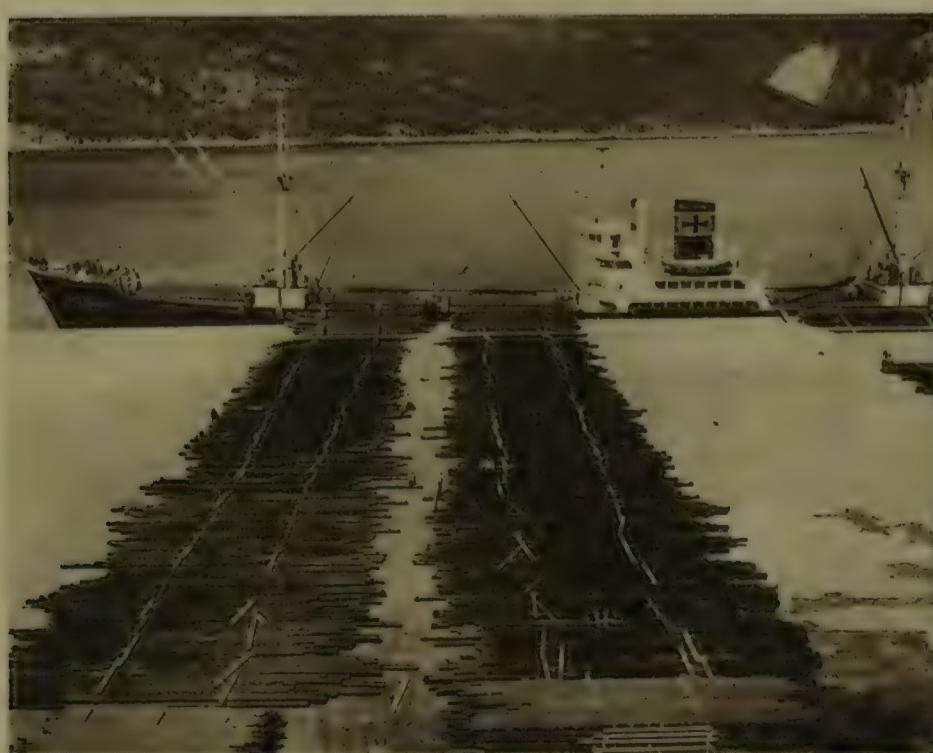
MAPPING OUT THE BED OF THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER IN CANADA: MEN FLYING BALLOONS OVER THE WATERS OF LONG SAULT RAPIDS. Because of the impossibility of using ordinary echo sounders in the rough waters of Long Sault Rapids, meteorological balloons, called kytoons, are being used to map out the bed of the St. Lawrence River. Attached to the balloons are piano wires with lead weights which drop into the river.



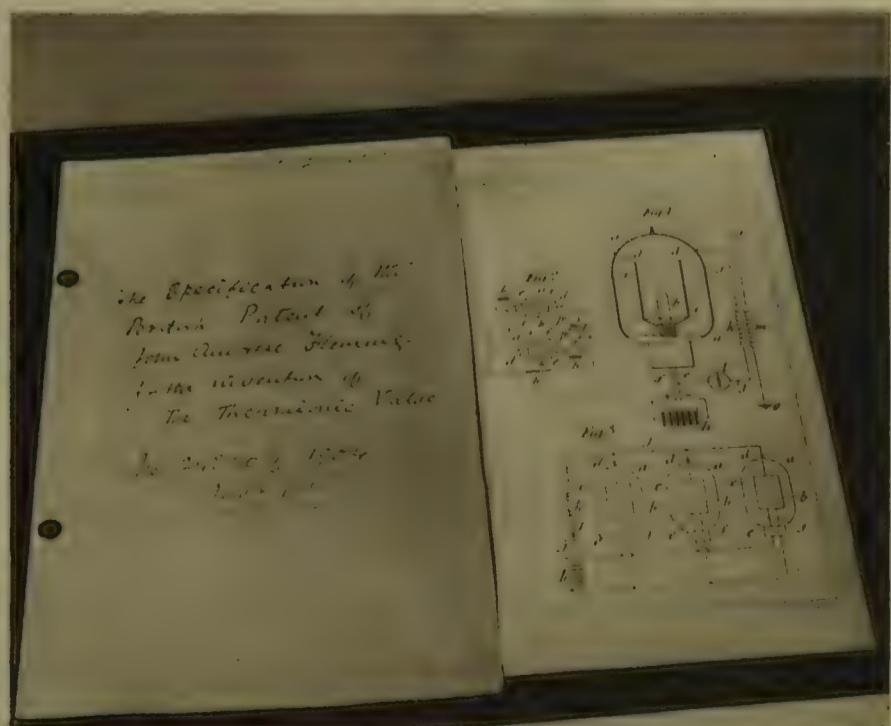
IN BRUSSELS DURING A TOUR OF EUROPEAN CAPITALS: THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS RAFT, THE KON-TIKI, IN WHICH HR. THOR HEYERDAHL AND HIS COMPANIONS SAILED FROM PERU TO POLYNESIA IN 101 DAYS. THE RAFT IS A REPLICA OF AN ANCIENT INCA BALSA RAFT.



BEFORE THE GOLDEN JUBILEE DINNER OF LODGE PLUGS, LTD.: MR. BERNARD HOPPS, CHAIRMAN OF LODGE PLUGS, LTD., AT THE WHEEL OF GENEVIEVE, THE VETERAN CAR WHICH PLAYED THE TITLE-ROLE IN THE FILM. HIS PASSENGER IS MR. V. MARTIN JONES, THE MANAGING DIRECTOR, AND STANDING (RIGHT) IS MR. N. REEVES, THE OWNER OF THE CAR.



Pipelines and more pipelines: over 8500 tons of 8-in. pipe sections awaiting transfer aboard a ship at Haines, Alaska. Pipe is being stock-piled in this port for use in the 621-mile pipeline which will carry petroleum to U.S. military bases in the Far North.



IN THE EXHIBITION CELEBRATING THE JUBILEE OF SIR AMBROSE FLEMING'S INVENTION OF THE THERMIonic VALVE: THE ORIGINAL VALVE PATENT SPECIFICATION NO. 24850 OF 1904. An exhibition to commemorate the golden jubilee of the invention, in 1904, by Sir Ambrose Fleming of the thermionic valve, opened on November 16 at the Electrical Engineering Laboratories of University College, London, where Fleming was Professor of Electrical Engineering. The exhibition included a number of instruments used by Fleming in his early experiments.

## PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

DIED ON NOVEMBER 15:  
MR. LIONEL BARRYMORE.

Mr. Lionel Barrymore, the veteran actor, was seventy-six. Although he gained great distinction on the New York stage, it is as a film-actor that he will be best remembered by the present generation. In 1931 he was awarded an "Oscar" for his performance in "A Free Soul." Other notable films in which he acted were "Grand Hotel," "Captains Courageous," "Duel in the Sun," and the "Dr. Kildare" series.

DIED ON NOVEMBER 20:  
SIR HENRY CHILTON.

Sir Henry Chilton, who was seventy-seven, was Ambassador to Spain from 1935 to 1938, when his mission was withdrawn because of the Spanish Civil War. He entered the Diplomatic Service in 1902 and became in 1930 the first British Ambassador to Chile. In 1933 he was transferred to Buenos Aires as Ambassador. After his retirement in 1938 he was employed in the Ministry of Information, 1940.



TO RETURN TO BUGANDA, SUBJECT TO CERTAIN CONDITIONS: THE KABAKA.

On November 16 it was announced that, subject to certain conditions, the Lukiko (Native Assembly) of Buganda could choose a new Kabaka or recall the exiled Mutesa II, now in London, as a ruler; but that he could not return till nine months after the proposed constitutional reforms had been brought into operation. The Lukiko at once passed a resolution that it would have no other Kabaka than Mutesa II.

VISITING LONDON: SIR J. KOTELAWALA,  
PRIME MINISTER OF CEYLON.

The Prime Minister of Ceylon, Sir John Kotekawala, arrived in London on November 19 for a week's official visit. The day after his arrival he fulfilled his first engagement by going to the Buddhist temple at Ovington Gardens, Knightsbridge, and spent the weekend in Yorkshire at the home of Lord Swinton, Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations. He is due to leave for New York to-day, Nov. 27.



PASSENGERS IN THE FIRST ARCTIC AIR SERVICE: (L. TO R.) THE PRIME MINISTERS OF NORWAY, DENMARK AND SWEDEN. The Scandinavian Airlines System's DC-6B *Helge Viking* airliner arrived in Los Angeles from Copenhagen on November 16, thus inaugurating the first east-west commercial service across the North Polar regions. The three Scandinavian Prime Ministers—M. O. Torp (Norway), M. H. Hedtoft (Denmark) and M. T. Erlander (Sweden)—were on board.



EN ROUTE TO AUSTRALIA: THE PRIME MINISTER OF NORTHERN IRELAND AND LADY BROKEBOROUGH. Lord and Lady Brookeborough arrived at Euston Railway Station on November 19 from Belfast on their way to Australia, where they are to carry out an extensive tour. Later they will visit New Zealand, visiting both the North and South Islands.



ARRIVING TO ATTEND A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY CEREMONY: THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON AND LADY MAYORESS. On November 17 the Lord Mayor of London and the Lady Mayoress attended a revival of a City ceremony of the sixteenth century, commemorating the release of Queen Elizabeth I., when Princess Elizabeth, from the Tower of London, where she had been imprisoned. The revival began with a service at St. Olave's Church, Hart Street.



TO BE AMBASSADOR TO IRAQ: SIR MICHAEL WRIGHT.

Sir Michael Wright, Ambassador to Norway since 1951, has been appointed Ambassador at Baghdad in succession to Sir John Troutbeck. Sir Michael has served in Washington, Paris, Cairo, and on Lord Killearn's special mission to Singapore in 1946. He was an Assistant Under-Secretary in the Foreign Office, 1947-51, in charge of Middle East affairs, and between the wars served in the M.A.O. Department there.



TO BE C-IN-C, FAR EAST: VICE-ADMIRAL A. K. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF.

Admiral Scott-Moncrieff, Admiral Commanding Reserves since 1953, has been appointed Commander-in-Chief, Far East Station, in succession to Admiral Sir Charles Lambe. From 1951-52 he was Flag Officer Commanding Fifth Cruiser Squadron and also Second-in-Command, Far East Station.

WINNER OF THE CRITERIUM DES AS CROSS-COUNTRY RACE, BRUSSELS: D. A. G. PIRIE (NO. 5). D. A. G. Pirie, of Great Britain, won the International Criterium des As cross-country race at Brussels on Nov. 21, covering the 11,100 metres course (about seven miles) in 35 mins. 56 secs. Pirie, competing in his first cross-country event for some months, ran a splendid race and won without difficulty from J. Kovacs (Hungary).



CAPTAIN OF THE AUSTRALIAN TEST XI.: I. W. JOHNSON.

The captain of the Australian team for the first Test match, which was due to have started yesterday, November 26, at Brisbane, is I. W. Johnson, of Victoria. Johnson, who is thirty-five, captained the Victoria eleven last season and also led an Australian XI. against the M.C.C. three weeks ago. He is an off-spin bowler. He was not included in the team which toured this country in 1952.



DIED ON NOVEMBER 17: SIR FRANK FLETCHER, A GREAT HEADMASTER.

Sir Frank Fletcher, Master of Marlborough College, 1903-11, and Headmaster of Charterhouse, 1911-35, was eighty-four. Educated at Rossall School and Balliol College, Oxford, he became an assistant master at Rugby in 1894. From 1913 onwards he was many times chairman of the Headmasters' Conference.

ELECTED M.P. FOR WEST DERBY: MR. J. V. WOOLAM. The Conservatives retained the seat in the by-election at West Derby, Liverpool, on Nov. 18 with an increase of 801 votes on their 1951 majority. Mr. Woollam gained a majority of 2508 over his Labour opponent, Mr. C. R. Fenton, in the by-election caused by the elevation to the peerage of Sir David Maxwell-Fyfe, now Viscount Kilmuir.

DIED ON NOVEMBER 15:  
MR. P. C. VELLACOTT.  
Mr. Paul Cairn Vellacott, Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge, since 1939, was sixty-three. After a distinguished war record he was elected a Fellow of Peterhouse in 1913, and was tutor and lecturer in history there, 1920-34. He was Headmaster of Harrow School, 1934-39. From 1942-44 he was Director of Political Warfare, Middle East.

TO BE C-IN-C, FAR EAST: VICE-ADMIRAL A. K. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF.

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## THE MAN WHOSE WHALERS HAVE BEEN SEIZED BY PERU: MR. ONASSIS.



THE SHIOPOWNER WHOSE WHALING FLEET HAS BEEN ATTACKED BY PERUVIAN ARMED FORCES FOR ALLEGEDLY VIOLATING TERRITORIAL WATERS: MR. ONASSIS, SEEN WITH HIS WIFE IN FRANCE (ABOVE); AND (INSET, RIGHT) A RECENT PORTRAIT.

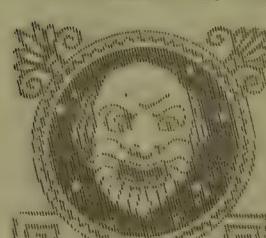
THE claims made in 1952 by three South American Republics—Chile, Ecuador and Peru—to sovereignty over their contiguous seas to a distance of 200 nautical miles from shore, has been the subject of an alleged challenge which has led to an international incident. A private individual, Mr. Aristotle Socrates Onassis, a shipping magnate who is of Greek blood and an Argentine subject, put his whaling fleet to sea, manned chiefly by Germans and sailing under the flag of Panama. On November 17 the Government of Peru stated that the majority of the ships of the Onassis whaling fleet,

[Continued opposite.]



*Continued.*

including the factory ship *Olympic Challenger*, had been captured and interned in Payta Harbour for "invading" Peruvian waters. It was reported that the factory ship had been involved in a skirmish with Peruvian naval and air forces and that bombs had exploded in the water near by. Captain Wilhelm Reichert, master of the *Olympic Challenger*, is reported to have said when he was allowed ashore at Payta, "We were 400 miles from the shore when they came after us. Never at any time were we as close as 200 miles." The British Government is among those which have protested against Peru's claim that her territorial waters extend 200 miles from shore. The Peruvian Government has been informed that Britain reserves "the right to support any claims for compensation for damage done to British interests" in the seizure of the Onassis whaling ships. The interests referred to are insurance.



## THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

### THE LOST BOY FOUND.

By ALAN DENT.

**S**UNT LACRIMÆ RERUM. . . In the famous tag which we learn too soon to understand fully, Virgil has told us that there are tears in the affairs of this life, and that human sufferings touch the heart. Too seldom in the cinema are we reminded of this deep, sad truth. But a beautiful film like "The Divided Heart" reminds us of it poignantly.

#### OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



MISS YVONNE MITCHELL, AS THE YUGOSLAV MOTHER, IS SEEN NURSING HER BABY IN A CAVE IN THE WOODS IN A SCENE FROM "THE DIVIDED HEART." WITH HER IS A PARTISAN (ARTHUR CORTEZ).

Mr. Dent writes: "Yvonne Mitchell in 'The Divided Heart' gives us what is easily the most touching performance of the fortnight—a performance which is balanced and heightened by that of little Michel Ray, who plays her lost baby-boy, and by those of Cornell Borchers and Armin Dahlen, as the foster-mother and foster-father who hate the prospect of parting with this adopted and beloved child. Miss Mitchell, obedient to subtle and sensitive direction, knows how to strike deep at the heart of grief with the most economic and yet expressive means—the hunch of a shoulder, the tremor of a lip, the ghost of a sad smile, the transfixed stillness of the whole body when there lies before it the prospect of nothing but desolation and loneliness. Her achievement in pathos is the more remarkable when we realise that she does not speak a word of English throughout the film."

It is the spare story, sparingly told, of a little Yugoslavian boy who loses his mother when he is still a baby. Six years later he is adopted by a nice childless Bavarian couple. They grow as fond of him as if he were their own. Then his real mother reappears to claim the boy as her long-lost baby. Her claims are genuine and valid, and they are discussed and settled in a court presided over by three humane and logical American judges.

Emphasis has been laid on the fact that this is simply a statement of Case D641, brought before the United States Court of the Allied High Commission for Germany. This is a mistake, since it suggests that this was a particular and therefore exceptional case. One knows that it is only an example of cases innumerable, and that when one of the judges remarks quite casually that there are in Europe 20,000 children still looking for their parents, and more than 40,000 people still searching for their children, one knows that he is stating a plain, horrifying truth.

The truth, in point of fact, is more, and not less, poignant than this film makes it. Many of the Poles in this country now, for example, do not know whether their parents, wives or husbands, brothers and sisters, or children are alive or dead in middle-Europe. The years pass, and many of them now know that they will never know. They may even cease to be curious or concerned. It is all part of the hideous inhuman aftermath of humanity's deepest and widest war.

This film, "The Divided Heart," is very remarkable for its lack of hysteria or exaggeration or of dwelling upon any particular scene to the point of mawkishness. The horror is suggested, not underlined. The "blood-mother," who speaks only Slovene, tells her story in court, and we see various subtly chosen incidents. We see her husband led out to be shot. We see her standing gazing at him helplessly from the other end of an empty square—empty but for an accidental pigeon which happens to land near her feet. We see her two little daughters sitting in school and writing down to a German schoolmaster's dictation the lie that the Führer is a friend to little children. A shot outside makes them raise their heads for a moment. But they are not aware that the sound is that of the

firing-party dispatching their own father. The "blood-mother" herself is sent to the ghastly concentration-camp at Auschwitz. Any glimpse of this, even its exterior, is spared us.

But the years pass and we see the poor woman, unable to make herself clear or even coherent in her alien tongue, coming to the Bavarian mountain village to claim her baby. The boy's playmates, realising her purpose, lie in ambush and pelt her with handfuls of melting snow. In the end, she is given sanctuary and protection by her own little son, who has till then failed to understand or take to her. This is a scene I shall long remember.

The normal flow of flamboyance continues, of course, in other cinemas side by side with this arresting piece of timely tragedy. Very much more to popular English taste, no doubt, will be "The Barefoot Contessa" and "Beau Brummell." The first of these, being both written and directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, has a good deal of intelligence and even some sly tongue-in-cheek satire at the expense of both Hollywood and of good-for-nothing elderly sybarites who are as frequent as jacaranda-trees on the French Riviera. But it will be appreciated less for these elements than because it deploys the career of a Spanish dancer

who is played by that bonny big girl, Miss Ava Gardner.

Miss Gardner is not particularly Spanish and certainly no particular dancer. But the point of Mr. Mankiewicz's satire is that it is exactly some such talentless but beautiful girl as she very cleverly suggests who might be picked out for "stardom." She disconcerts her managers by having some inexplicable reversions to peasantry and Spanishness. She refuses the love proffered by many rich and influential admirers. She lolls in mink, and eats ortolans with fingers laden with emeralds or rubies.

Goring (brilliant as the Man who Understands her Best, and as the Italian Count, respectively) getting wetter and wetter.

Even more to the popular taste, since it is utterly without satiric wit, will be "Beau Brummell"—which was considered a dish dainty enough to set before the Queen. This is, in point of fact, a quite flabbishly dull affair—untrue to history, actuality, feasibility, or anything else. What is there to be said for "Beau Brummell"? I can find nothing except, in this order, some handsome and obviously genuine Regency furniture and Peter Ustinov set amongst it and whimpering amusingly as the Prince Regent. We have no plot-development at all, and nothing which begins to approach the excitement of the known



"THIS FILM IS VERY REMARKABLE FOR ITS LACK OF HYSTERIA OR EXAGGERATION": "THE DIVIDED HEART" (J. ARTHUR RANK), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH MRS. SLAVKO VISITS HER BOY'S ADOPTED PARENTS. (L. TO R.) INGA (CORNELL BORCHERS); MARKS (GEOFFREY KEEN); SONJA (YVONNE MITCHELL) AND FRANZ (ARMIN DAHLEN). (THIS FILM OPENED AT THE GAUMONT, HAYMARKET, ON NOVEMBER 11.)

history. Stewart Granger could conceivably play Brummell, but here he is given no chance to suggest the personality behind the clothes. Elizabeth Taylor, as a fictitious person who loves him and is called Lady Patricia, looks on prettily with a moist red lip; and Robert Morley makes a brief and startling appearance as King George III, gone clean mad and playing the organ in his nightgown.

We knew already—though this film seems bent on obscuring the fact—that Brummell was a very remarkable self-made man, and that Lord Byron was not entirely fooling when he opined that the three most

striking figures of his own time were Brummell, Napoleon, and Self. We now learn—or are asked to believe—that he was nothing but an insolent nincompoop, and that when he lay dying in comfort in France he was visited by "Prinny" and forgiven for his offences. In truth he died in misery, quite insane, with his wig on the wrong way round, and attending a phantom Court of his own imagining. Would this, Brummell's real end, make good cinema? The answer is that years and years ago, in the film's silent days, it made a superb example of cinema. The only good the new "Beau Brummell" has done me is to clear the mental vision I still cherish of John Barrymore's overwhelming dandyism in the early scenes of that film, and of his overwhelming pathos at its close.

Mention of anything like real emotion makes me naturally revert to "The Divided Heart," with its exquisitely restrained narration and direction by Jack Whittingham and Charles Crichton, and to a belated recognition of the fact that it is acted with such touching simplicity and deep feeling that I have omitted to mention even the names of the players. This is a compliment to the ability of these players to suggest absolutely real people. Yvonne Mitchell is the "blood-mother" and Cornell Borchers the "bread-mother" to the lost little boy. Just as good in his way is Armin Dahlen as the "bread-father"—a sterling man ashamed of his own emotion; and Martin Keller and Michel Ray as the infant and the growing boy are as serene and pure and deep as a Song of Innocence and a Song of Experience by William Blake. This boy's story will put "all Heaven in a rage" for those who choose to see it.



CHOSEN FOR THE ROYAL FILM PERFORMANCE ON NOVEMBER 15: "BEAU BRUMMELL" (M.G.M.), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH BEAU BRUMMELL (STEWART GRANGER) SHOWS THE PRINCE OF WALES (PETER USTINOV) ONE OF THE TWO PET POODLES. ON THE LEFT ARE LADY PATRICIA (ELIZABETH TAYLOR) AND, SEATED, MRS. FITZHERBERT (ROSEMARY HARRIS). (EMPIRE THEATRE, LEICESTER SQUARE.)

But her heart remains her own till suddenly she gives it to a decadent Italian Count, the last of his line.

It is giving nothing away if we reveal that the Contessa dies soon after her marriage. For we begin the film by attending her funeral in the pouring rain near Rapallo, and the whole narration of the film is a series of throw-backs from this melancholy wet culmination, to which we return half-a-dozen times at least, to see Humphrey Bogart and Marius

## THE WORLD'S FIRST ARCTIC AIR SERVICE, AND OTHER ITEMS OF INTEREST.



WITH THE VENICE WATER-FRONT IN THE BACKGROUND: THE LIGHT AIRCRAFT-CARRIER H.M.S. TRIUMPH (13,350 TONS) LYING IN THE BACINO SAN MARCO, DURING A RECENT VISIT, CARRYING OVER 200 CADETS IN TRAINING.



WALKING PAST THE CATHEDRAL OF SAN MARCO ON AN IMPROVISED CAUSEWAY: VENETIAN PEDESTRIANS CROSSING THE FLOODED PIAZZA AFTER RECENT TORRENTIAL RAIN-STORMS. NORTH ITALY WAS AFFECTED BY SEVERE STORMS.



A POSSIBLE RECORD CATCH: A GIANT MARLIN (1002 LB.) CAUGHT OFF HONOLULU BY MR. G. PARKER, JNR.

This marlin which was caught on regulation tackle by Mr. George Parker, Jnr., on November 13 off Honolulu, weighed 1002 lb. It is not yet officially identified, but if it is, as claimed, a striped marlin, it easily beats the present world record—692 lb.—which was caught off California.



FROM THE OAK ORACLE OF DODONA: A REMARKABLE SMALL BRONZE (4 INS. LONG), NOW AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

With the help of a generous contribution from the National Art Collections Fund, the British Museum has recently acquired one of the finest small Greek bronzes that have come down to us. It is the figure of a bearded banqueter lying on a couch, with a cushion under his elbow and a drinking bowl in his hand. The exceptionally delicate modelling and incision of the head have been given a perfect foil in the broad, simplified treatment of the body; and few works of such small size achieve such a monumental effect. The style is Peloponnesian, perhaps Corinthian; and the date between 550 and 500 B.C. The bronze is in excellent condition, with a pleasant grey-green patina, and perfectly preserved, except for one or two minor abrasions. It comes from Dodona, the great sanctuary of Zeus, in the mountains of Epirus, where the rustling of an oak-tree declared the divine will to inquirers.



LIKE A CHARACTER IN "SCIENCE FICTION": A DEMONSTRATOR WEARING A NEW TYPE OF PLASTIC SUIT CLAIMED TO GIVE PROTECTION AGAINST RADIATION EFFECTS.



TO MARK THE INAUGURATION OF THE TRANS-ARCTIC AIR SERVICE: THE MEMORIAL PRESENTED TO THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES.

On November 15 two Scandinavian Airlines System DC-6B airliners inaugurated the first trans-arctic air service: "Helge Viking" leaving Copenhagen for Los Angeles, "Royal Viking" leaving Los Angeles for Denmark, flying via Greenland and Winnipeg. "Helge Viking" landed at Los Angeles 35 mins. ahead of the scheduled time (24 hours 20 mins.); and "Royal Viking" landed at Copenhagen exactly on



THE BEGINNING OF THE "ARCTIC SHORT CUT" AIR SERVICE: THE S.A.S. AIRCRAFT "HELGE VIKING"

AT KASTRUP AIRPORT, COPENHAGEN, BEFORE TAKING OFF ON NOVEMBER 15.

time. This was the beginning of the world's first commercial service across the North Polar regions; and there are to be two journeys a week in each direction. This "short cut" saves about 535 miles and is about 5800 miles. It is claimed that Arctic flight will prove safer than transatlantic flight, weather in the Arctic being generally better than over the North Atlantic.

# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## BLANKET OF THE DARK.

By J. C. TREWIN.

FIRST, "Macbeth" and the weird sisters, so wither'd and so wild in their attire; then "Bell, Book, and Candle," where witchcraft is a joke and a witch can occupy a pleasant Knightsbridge flat; then "Saint Joan," with its cry of "Light your fire, man! To the stake with her!" and now "The Crucible," in the black night that covered the Massachusetts township of Salem in the year 1692. That, chronologically, is the record of this haunted autumn. We are used to the Shakespeare and the Shaw; but it is coincidence indeed when we have, in the same season, both John van Druten's play of witchcraft taken in jest, and Arthur Miller's, where the theme is treated in fearful earnest.

I doubt whether the gentle Longfellow is read ardently in these days. The banner with the strange device, the wreck on the reef of Norman's Woe, the village blacksmith—these are matters we must not mention. But having been brought up on the Complete Works, in their dull buff and gold binding, I still go to them and to such a passage as this

I remember the black wharves and  
the slips,  
And the sea-tides tossing free;  
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,  
And the beauty and mystery of  
the ships,  
And the magic of the sea.

Now and then, too, I go back to the New England tragedies, not because of their merit as plays—they have little—but because they do return to me (as some books can) the place and the time where I read them first. In the autumn before my tenth birthday, as a cheerful convalescent unwarred by school, I used to take a book to the shelter of a pulpit-shaped rock that commanded an empty glitter of sea, and headland after headland that stretched into the distance like a great regiment of saurians fixed there since prehistory. To-day, when I meet the prologue to a play that Longfellow called "Giles Corey of the Salem Farms," I can still feel the rock rough beneath my fingers, breathe the salt air, and look across that calm October sea. I read the book there, and also in

accused of dealings with the Evil One was to be condemned. Longfellow wrote barely, and without much guile. But his play strongly affected the imagination of a boy of nine. When I opened the programme of Arthur Miller's "The Crucible," at the Theatre Royal, Bristol (the Bristol Old Vic), read the names of its characters, and saw that the place was Salem, I was thrust back across the years to that autumn and winter on the southern cliffs and to the one-volume Longfellow that was a weight to carry across the field.

believe that such a Deputy-Governor as John Kidd presents firmly and subtly, would have behaved as he does under emotional pressure. The last scene tails off, inevitably, after the battle-royal of the Trial, produced by Warren Jenkins with an exciting appreciation of its possibilities.

The acting scorched our minds as it should, especially that of Edgar Wreford as a trapped farmer, Rosemary Harris as his wife—a steady, dignified performance that made me wish to see her as Hermione

—Perlita Neilson as the terrified scrap of a girl whose nerve breaks, and Pat Sandys as the devilish Abigail. Naturally we expect a repertory cast to be versatile. Still, although I had met many of the Bristol company in other parts in other theatres, I was unprepared for quite so fierce a transformation as this. When curtain-fall released us to a November evening in King Street, Bristol, the shadows of Salem, 1692, were still about me.

Much was due to the scene-designing of Patrick Robertson. The Deputy-Governor says somewhere, "Now we shall touch the bottom of this swamp," and the phrase seemed to fit Salem under the cold sunset embers, its sky charcoal-streaked, barred with slate and lead. And everywhere there were gibbets, worked carefully into the designer's plan. It was an imaginative setting, the wild world needed for a wild play in which the witches rode through our startled minds as once they seemed to infect the air of Salem.

When I came back I went straight to "Giles Corey" to find again the passages that had hammered in my memory during the Bristol performance: the "poppets made of rags, with headless pins stuck into them point outwards"; the hysteria of Mary Walcott, and the imagined "bird" upon the rafters of the court. Longfellow's version of the New England Tragedy is pale enough; but, after the white-hot emotion of "The Crucible," its pages seemed to be on fire.

A few days later I had a milder evening with an old friend, "The Merchant of Venice." The impact of the Trial remains astonishing, however often we experience it; but I am remembering a revival at the



"AS AN HISTORICAL MELODRAMA IT IS POWERFULLY AFFECTING": "THE CRUCIBLE," BY ARTHUR MILLER, SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY WITH (L. TO R.) THE REV. JOHN HALE (MICHAEL ALLISON), JOHN PROCTOR (EDGAR WREFORD), MARY WARREN (PERLITA NEILSON), GILES COREY (PAUL LEE) AND FRANCIS NURSE (ANTHONY TUCKEY).

Here, in "The Crucible," were the Indian woman Tituba, Judge Hathorne, Giles Corey himself, and John Proctor (mentioned in the Longfellow, even if he does not appear in person). Arthur Miller, though his emphases were different and he had redistributed the roles, was handling the same material—the days of the terror in Massachusetts—and painting, in the blackest dye, a Salem of his own, where the minister and the magistrate

believed devoutly in the powers  
Of darkness, working in this world of ours.

The Devil was as real as God to these men. Arthur Miller has sought a parallel with our own time; in describing the Salem hysteria he can level at another form of witch-hunt. But we must take the piece simply on its "ground floor." As a historical melodrama it is powerfully affecting: it is the kind of play, found rarely, in which suspense can choke. I remembered the cry of Richard's Queen to the gardeners, "O, I am pressed to death through want of speaking," a phrase that derives clearly from the terrible *peine forte et dure*, the pressing to death of a prisoner who refused to plead. It was the fate of Giles Corey in the "Salem Farms," and it is the fate of the old man of that name in "The Crucible."

Arthur Miller's play is pierced, as if with a hot iron, by the girl Abigail who, first to save herself and then for her foul ends, accuses many worthy and innocent Salem folks of dealing with the Devil. She has behind her the group of terrified accomplices, the Afflicted Children. When they are at work, evil rules; the crow makes wing to the rocky wood; good things of day begin to droop and drowse. We see how, inexorably, a Salem farmer and his wife must go to their deaths, falsely branded. It is long since I have met anything stronger in the theatre than the Trial in which Deputy-Governor Danforth, anxious to do right but unable to conceive that the "children's" spurt of melodramatic fear can be mere play-acting, is duped into convicting the innocent.

The trouble with the play is Arthur Miller's single-mindedness. These men of Salem are fantastically bigoted. No doubt they were; but we find it hard (though not, maybe, until the curtain has fallen) to



"THE ACTING SCORCHED OUR MINDS AS IT SHOULD, ESPECIALLY THAT OF EDGAR WREFORD AS A TRAPPED FARMER, ROSEMARY HARRIS AS HIS WIFE": "THE CRUCIBLE" (THEATRE ROYAL, BRISTOL) SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY WITH EDGAR WREFORD AS JOHN PROCTOR AND ROSEMARY HARRIS AS HIS WIFE, ELIZABETH PROCTOR.

bed by candle-light; and the tingling remains. Nothing could well have been farther from Cornwall than these "witchcraft and wonders of the world unseen. Phantoms of air, and necromantic arts, That crushed the weak and awed the stoutest hearts."

"Giles Corey" was the tale of a Salem farmer and his wife—Salem, by the way, is the scene of Andrée Howard's ballet, "A Mirror for Witches." Each of them was falsely condemned for sorcery, their lives swept away in the hysteria of a black hour when reason tottered, and merely to be



"IT WOULD BE GOOD TO SEE THE PLAY IN LONDON": "THE CRUCIBLE," WHICH TAKES US BACK TO 1692, WHEN THE PURITANS OF SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS, ARE HAUNTED BY FEAR OF THE DEVIL AND WITCHCRAFT. THIS SCENE FROM THE PLAY SHOWS (L. TO R.) THE REV. JOHN HALE (MICHAEL ALLISON); DEPUTY GOVERNOR DANFORTH (JOHN KIDD), THE REV. SAMUEL PARRIS (JOHN CAIRNEY), JUDGE HATHORNE (PETER WYLD) AND (SITTING) MARY WARREN (PERLITA NEILSON).

Intimate, Palmers Green—that gallant repertory on the London fringe—for the pleasure of saluting Margaret Gibson's Portia: a controlled and gracious performance, spoken with a varied beauty that will shine in recollection. Alas, "Aren't People Wonderful!" at another North London theatre, the Embassy, does not shine: I hope it will not be long before some effort is made to lift the blanket of the dark from a theatre with so brave a past.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" (Intimate, Palmers Green).—Margaret Gibson's lucid and gracious Portia distinguished this repertory revival. (November 8-13.)  
"THE CRUCIBLE" (Theatre Royal, Bristol).—The Puritans of Salem, Massachusetts, in the year 1692, are haunted by the fear of the Devil and the workings of witchcraft. Arthur Miller, who feels that the notorious witch-hunting may have a modern application, has written a fierce, single-minded drama, theatrically forcible (until the last scene, which droops). When we are away from the theatre we realise that he has been less than just to his terrified bigots, but we do not ask any questions while the play is on, and while an evil girl, a revengeful impostor, is bringing grief to Salem. The Bristol Old Vic Company, produced here by Warren Jenkins and led by Edgar Wreford, Rosemary Harris, and John Kidd, acts with unflinching power. It would be good to see the play in London.  
"THE CONSUL" (Sadler's Wells).—Gian-Carlo Menotti's opera returns with its former drive. (November 11.)  
"AREN'T PEOPLE WONDERFUL!" (Embassy).—A flat domestic comedy, acted with courage. (November 16.)

## NEW TO LONDON: "CAFÉ DES SPORTS."



"CAFÉ DES SPORTS," WHICH HAD ITS LONDON PREMIÈRE ON NOVEMBER 18: THE START OF THE BICYCLE RACE, WITH THE URCHIN (MARYON LANE) STANDING, RIGHT FOREGROUND WITH A CYCLIST.



OFF ON THEIR STRENUOUS CONTEST: THE CYCLISTS, MESSRS. DUDLEY DAVIES, BRYAN LAWRENCE, PATRICK HURDE, DONALD MACLEARY AND IAN MURRAY (L. TO R.) IN THE NEW SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET.



FILLED WITH PITY FOR THE INJURED CYCLIST (PATRICK HURDE), WHO HAS MET WITH AN ACCIDENT AND IS THUS OUT OF THE RACE: THE URCHIN (MARYON LANE) WHO MOUNTS HIS CYCLE, AND WINS THE EVENT.

"*Café des Sports*," a new ballet, with music by Anthony Hopkins, choreography by Alfred Rodrigues and *décor* by a hitherto unknown artist, Jack Taylor, was originally produced in Johannesburg early this year, during the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet's recent tour; and had its London *prémière* at Sadler's Wells Theatre on November 18. It is a gay and entertaining affair, set in a sunny Mediterranean village where life centres round the *café*. The leading part, that of the ragged, appealing and youthful Urchin, is danced enchantingly by Miss Maryon Lane. Jolly hedonist artists, and melancholy existentialist painters; a party of disapproving bourgeois villagers; a waiter and the *café* proprietor are introduced, as well as a company of cyclists engaged on a strenuous race. When one cyclist falls out through an accident the Urchin takes his place and triumphantly wins the event.

## A JAPANESE RITUAL DANCE.

The ritual Japanese Buddhist dance known as *Raigoe* was instituted by a Buddhist priest some 1000 years ago in the Fujiwara or Heian period, and is now performed annually in its original form in one place only, at a remote temple in the mountainous province of Nagano, Central Japan. In 1952 the Japanese Government took special steps to ensure that the dance should be preserved in its traditional form. Only young unmarried men take part and for three days beforehand, they must undergo special preparation. They wear for the dance, ancient masks and appear as Bodhisattvas, angels and symbolic birds. One even portrays the Buddha himself, blessing and receiving the souls of the faithful, freed at last from earthly passion and delusion. The performance, which includes dances symbolising angels floating on clouds through the upper air, opens with a procession.



MASKED AND IN CEREMONIAL ROBES; A PROCESSION OF JAPANESE TAKING PART IN THE SOLEMN *RAIGOE* RITUAL DANCE, PERFORMED ONCE A YEAR IN A REMOTE TEMPLE.



USED BY THE DANCERS WHO IMPERSONATE THE BODHISATTVAS, OR SAINTS, REPRESENTED IN THE RITUAL, WHICH WAS INSTITUTED IN THE FUJIWARA OR HEIAN PERIOD, 1000 YEARS AGO: ANCIENT MASKS.



SYMBOLISING THE MOTION OF ANGELS OF THE BUDDHIST FAITH AS THEY FLOAT THROUGH THE HEAVENS BORNE ON PURPLE CLOUDS; DANCERS WITH ARMS EXTENDED.

## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

WHEN the latest inspiration of an eminent writer fills one with glum surprise it is only reasonable and modest to suppose one may be wrong. On the other hand, it is no use pretending to have seen the point. And when one can't even enlarge upon the theme, when it is such as to require (and baffle) the most delicate approach, things become truly difficult. In such a strait, perhaps the only remedy is boldness. Therefore I will confess that "The Black Swan," by Thomas Mann (Secker and Warburg; 8s. 6d.), struck me as a perverse and horrid little work: very far-fetched, gratuitously false in tone, and strangely tedious into the bargain.

And all this by design; everything speaks the master hand, and the exercise of free will. The story has a touch of period—only a touch; it belongs to "the twenties of our century." That is to say, a time just dead enough to form a basis for unreality. The scene is Düsseldorf, where Rosalie von Tümmel, a charming, simple-hearted widow of fifty, lives with her two children. Anna, the elder, is her confidante and bosom friend; though, as an intellectual girl with a club foot, given to abstract painting, she has a very different view of life. Nature is their eternal topic; Rosalie gushes about Nature—always personified—almost from dawn to dark. And now in sad, particular connection with the change of life, Nature has "cast her out," and she can't bear it; at least, she assures Anna, it is very hard....

Especially as she has been surprised by a new love—a sweet, insidious, devouring love, for an impossibly young man. Ken Keaton is an American boy who stuck around after the war, feeding a passion for "historic dates." Apart from his good looks and simple friendliness, he is in no way remarkable. Yet since he first came to the house—to give young Eduard English lessons—Eduard's Mama has been reborn; or, as she says herself, granted "a flowering spring of pain." Although it is too late, she is "unworthy," she must keep it dark.... And then one day, Nature performs a second marvel. "Victory, Anna, victory!.... How she has blessed my faith!.... I am a woman again, and can feel worthy of the youthful manhood that has bewitched me!"

And on a tour of Holterhof Castle, in the dank privacy of a forgotten love-nest, she declares her love. It is the last act of her life. The so-called "miracle of Nature" was a fell disease; yet she expires blessing the cheat.

Structure and "keeping," the death-smell of the declaration-scene, the style in a few scraps of narrative: with these, my admiration halted. Clearly, the grisly little theme is meant to "prove" something about Nature; something "equivocal," as the author would say. But as Rosalie's infatuation is a commonplace, while her condition must be very rare, it seems a queer proof to have chosen. Still, in a way this aspect is intelligible. What quite confounded me were the recurring "platform" dialogues between mother and daughter.

## OTHER FICTION.

"The Flint Anchor," by Sylvia Townsend Warner (Chatto and Windus; 12s. 6d.), is a long, moderately period, domestic novel, both satirical and touching, and, on the whole, easier to sink into than to put across. For somehow it seems out of line; not so much one more of a species, as a world enclosed—rather like Anchor House itself, only a vast deal more agreeable. One can't convey this special flavour; but the theme at large might find its epigraph in Dr. Johnson, who was "no friend to scruples." Though it is complicated by the ravages of a "bad love."

John Barnard, head of a Baltic trading firm in Losenby, is compact of scruples. He was a burning Evangelical at Cambridge, in his happiest years, and all set to renounce the world. Instead of which, at twenty-one he had to take over the business. Then—since the large, plump Julia was around—he took a wife. In no time after that, he has become a patriarch on the grand scale. And he was never meant for it; at heart, he feels bored, burdened and aggrieved. Julia finds refuge on her sofa, as a tippling invalid; John Barnard is a man of conscience. Therefore, as each child comes down from the nursery, it is exposed to a whole battery of scruples, grieves its Papa at every turn, and—very probably—sinks to the grave. Yet the survivors prove as burdensome as the whole flock. All except Mary, the third daughter. She is her father's angel; he sees no fault in her, and really has no thought beyond her. This placid child—bone-selfish, and as stupid as an owl—grows up to be his torment and enlightenment.

Perhaps I should add, the opening date is 1810; and (against all appearances) the leading character is sympathetic.

"The Creedy Case," by Edward Crankshaw (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), is almost equally compounded of suspense, distinction, and the not-quite-good-enough. A lone man fighting the machine—perhaps especially the military machine—is a good subject, and a bracing spectacle as well. Here we have the addition of a mystery. For when George Scoresby digs in his heels over the transfer of Captain Creedy, and tries to start a one-man Dreyfus case with a war on, he doesn't know that Creedy is being victimised. He merely takes it for granted—because the order is "something to do with M.I.5." And that, says George, has a bad smell; if Creedy is a spy, let him be dealt with openly.... But principle is no use in a void; and cooler friends want to know what, if anything, the potential Dreyfus has been up to. This leads to a whole sequence of discoveries; what one may call the Army zone, with its debates on discipline and conscience, is even more effective; but the sentimental element is a let-down.

In "Cover Her Face," by Hugh McCutcheon (Rich and Cowan; 9s. 6d.), Anthony Howard, the writer and detective, is staying in Paris with his bride—when one night, on the Quai du Louvre, he saves a lovely magnolia-faced sleepwalker from suicide. In a trance, she will say nothing but, "Je suis l'inconnue"; roused, she talks English and dismisses him. At that time, he has never heard of "L'Inconnue de la Seine." Later, he scents a fiendish plot—and finally identifies its object as Clare Thorne, a nymph attendant on the French golfer, Charles Rohan. A lively, twopence-coloured mystery, with a terrific build-up for the sleuth.

K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## ASPECTS OF FRENCH HISTORY.

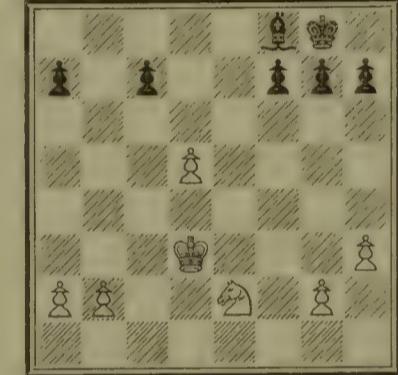
THE Carews have been a famous Devonshire family for many centuries, and it is not surprising, therefore, that "Combat and Carnival," by Peter Carew (Constable; 21s.), drawn from the family letters and diaries kept at Haccombe, their home, is of more than usual interest. These papers, which are admirably put together by Mr. Carew, cover the period from the French Revolution to the Crimean War. The principal actors are the Carews and their neighbours and relatives, the Taylors. We get from one young Taylor an amusing picture of campaigning in the West Indies and in the Low Countries during the Waterloo campaign. For those who remember Victor Hugo's description of the final advance of the Old Guard at Waterloo—"musique en tête, sans fureur"—it is perhaps salutary to have the less propagandist view of a cavalry officer who charged them. "I only remember that the French going over the rising ground struck me as the gayest-looking army I ever saw—with cuirasses, helmets, fur caps, lances, flags and varieties of uniforms. As they reached the top, they attempted to deploy, but Maitland's Guards showered volleys into them and drove them headlong down the hill. Now it was our turn, and the hurry-skurry we had was the most comical thing. We charged them as they ran and got right in amongst infantry, Imperial Guard, blue with large fur caps, who were throwing down their arms and roaring 'Pardon' on their knees many of them. I am happy to say the Duke saw all our charges and shouted 'By Gad, well done, 10th,' though he has always had an anti-cavalry twist. We handed over the pursuit to the Prussians who can be trusted to do the thing properly, and not show too much mercy; the brutes deserve none after piking the prisoners of the Life Guards in cold blood because they said we used rockets in the pursuit." Perhaps the most fascinating of all the real life characters in this amusing book is Sir Walter Carew, the eighth baronet, who united the two families by marrying the beautiful Rose Taylor. Sir Walter seems to have been a caricature of the explosive upper-class Englishman. I liked particularly the story of his entering Gothenburg Harbour in his yacht *Beatrice*. When the captain told him that the Swedes "are very particular who enters their harbours," Sir Walter's reply was "Damn the Swedes, an English gentleman can enter any harbour how or when he pleases." In the event, though, the shot which the Swedish naval authorities fired across their bows and which gave Lady Carew the vapours proved a more telling argument. Sir Walter could hardly be said to have been an intellectual. When his daughter recorded her appreciation of Jenny Lind's singing before the Queen and the Prince Consort, his comment was "I'd sooner hear a cock pheasant." Nor, as one might suspect, was he a respecter of persons. When he had a touch of gout, a gentleman collided with him on a railway station. As his daughter noted, "Papa let out a roar like a bull, and was really very rude to the gentleman, who came up and peered into Papa's face. 'Pardon me, sir,' he said, 'but surely I meet an old schoolfellow. Sir Walter Carew, is it not?' Papa looked at him and said, 'By Gad, it's Gladstone; next time look where you're going, or I may use my boot on you as I did thirty-four years ago.' Papa told me that Mr. Gladstone had been his fag at Eton, and was always top of his form while Papa was at the bottom." An amusing slice of nineteenth-century social history.

Mr. Ronald Matthews is a most experienced journalist, skilled observer and fine writer. His "The Death of the Fourth Republic" (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 18s.) is a book as interesting as it is depressing. So many lovers of France, observing the admirable and heroic activities of the Gaullists and members of the Resistance—it is not generally remembered that by July 1944 twenty-eight of France's ninety departments had been liberated, not by foreign, but by French arms—had hoped great things of the Liberation. At long last, we optimistically told ourselves, the deep schism in the French nation, which dates from 1792, could be overcome. At long last France, a nation of patriots, might find a common interpretation of that patriotism. Alas, it was not to be, but why the French failed and how France failed to recapture her ancient unity is told with absorbing interest in this excellent book.

A naïve, but none the less impressive book, is "Evader," by T. D. G. Teare (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.). Mr. Teare was a bomb aimer in a Lancaster which was shot down over France in 1943. He made a parachute landing and had the good fortune to fall into the hands of patriotic members of the Resistance. He lived among them, acquired a perfect knowledge of the language, and became so much one of them that when, twelve months later, another member of an R.A.F. aircrew was brought to him, he found that he spoke to him throughout in French. Mr. Teare's story, though it is, as I say, marred by a naïveté of style which resolutely refuses to evade any cliché—"I found myself floating gently downwards towards Mother Earth"—is a wartime document which gains in authenticity by its very defects.

The courage, ingenuity and patience shown by those Prisoners of War who escaped was shown equally by the long-suffering majority of British prisoners who had to "stay inside." I sometimes think that there was no finer propaganda for the British way of life than the demeanour of the average P.O.W., who was such a trial—and such a surprise—to his captors. In "Captivity Captive" (Cape; 13s. 6d.), the Rev. James Chutter, a South African Army chaplain who was captured at Tobruk, gives some delightful examples of the resistance of his fellow-prisoners in Africa, Italy and Germany to their humourless gaolers. How upset the Italian Commandant must have been, listening-in to British prisoners' conversations by means of what he thought was a secret microphone, to hear long and detailed discussions of the precise methods by which it was planned to execute him—by no means painlessly—"when our chaps arrive"! How irritated must have been the German soldiers who, when they attempted to order a surprise roll-call of British officers during the night, were told "that officer prisoners, under the Geneva Convention, could not receive direct orders except from an officer of the Army of the Detaining Power"!

E. D. O'BRIEN.



This position was reached in a match between Tchigorin and the young Charousek in 1896. Black probably thought he could draw it without trouble; but the weakness of his QB3 proved fatal, as the play clearly shows: 1. ... B-K2; 2. K-B4, K-B1; 3. K-Kt5, K-K1; 4. K-R6, B-B4; 5. K-Kt5, B-K6; 6. K-B6, K-Q1; 7. P-QKt4, P-KR4; 8. P-QR4, B-Q7; 9. P-Kt5, P-R5; 10. Kt-Q4, P-Kt4; 11. Kt-B5, B-K8; 12. Kt-R6, P-B3; 13. Kt-B5, B-Kt5; 14. Kt-Q4, K-B1; 15. Kt-K6, B-Q3; 16. P-R5, B-Kt6; 17. P-Kt6, RP×P; 18. P×P, P×P; 19. P-Q6. Black had to give up his bishop for the queen's pawn, and soon resigned.

Alekhine inflicted a similar disillusionment at Folkestone in 1933 on Andersen, who must have thought he had secured a half-point when he reached this position:

*White (Alekhine): King on QB1, Knight on Q4, Pawns QR2, QKt2, Q5, KB2, KKt2, KR2. Black (Andersen): King on KKt1, Knight on QB1, Pawns QR2, QKt2, Q3, KB2, KKt2, KR2.*

The game finished 1. Kt-Kt3! K-B1; 2. Kt-R5, P-QKt3; 3. Kt-B6, K-K1; 4. K-Q2, Kt-K2; 5. Kt×P, Kt×P; 6. Kt-Kt5, K-Q2; 7. Kt-Q4, P-Kt3; 8. P-QR4, Kt-B2; 9. K-B3, P-KKt4; 10. K-Kt4, P-Q4; 11. Kt-B3, P-B3; 12. Kt-Q4, K-Q3; 13. Kt-Kt5ch, Kt-Kt; 14. K×Kt, K-K4; 15. P-QKt4, P-Q5; 16. K-B4 and Black resigned. Black's queen's pawn can be effectively supervised and prevented from queening, whereas by P-QR5 at the appropriately chosen moment, White can create a remote passed pawn which is a deadly menace. If Black chases it with his king, White falls with his own king on to Black's king's side pawns. Play it out with a friend!

Prisoners of War who escaped was shown equally by the long-suffering majority of British prisoners who had to "stay inside." I sometimes think that there was no finer propaganda for the British way of life than the demeanour of the average P.O.W., who was such a trial—and such a surprise—to his captors. In "Captivity Captive" (Cape; 13s. 6d.), the Rev. James Chutter, a South African Army chaplain who was captured at Tobruk, gives some delightful examples of the resistance of his fellow-prisoners in Africa, Italy and Germany to their humourless gaolers. How upset the Italian Commandant must have been, listening-in to British prisoners' conversations by means of what he thought was a secret microphone, to hear long and detailed discussions of the precise methods by which it was planned to execute him—by no means painlessly—"when our chaps arrive"! How irritated must have been the German soldiers who, when they attempted to order a surprise roll-call of British officers during the night, were told "that officer prisoners, under the Geneva Convention, could not receive direct orders except from an officer of the Army of the Detaining Power"!



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## SHELLGUIDE to NOVEMBER lanes

Arranged and painted by Edith and Rowland Hilder



BEFORE the frosts, (1) *Black Bryony* hangs its berries in the hedges. This was Our Lady's Seal to older botanists. The berries used to be steeped in gin and then laid on chilblains. *Elderberries* (2) hang down heavily on claret stems. *Rose hips* (3) are as brilliant as Post Office vans, a contrast to the sultry red of the (4) *haws* on the now leafless Hawthorns. *Sloes* (5) on the Blackthorn trees have a delicious purple bloom, but of all the autumn hedge fruits none are more brilliant and tropical than the orange arils of the (6) *Spindle-tree*, enclosed in cherry-coloured containers. Abroad these fruits are known as Priest's Birettas. *Maple leaves* (7) go all colours before the frosts strip them down—red wine, light sherry, dark sherry, even lemonade. *Old Man's Beard* (8) silvers the wayside with its long awns. 'Traveller's Joy' for this plant was a book name charmingly invented by John Gerard in 1597. It is also called Smoking Cane, Gypsy's Tobacco and Boy's Bacca, since the dry stems can be smoked like a cigarette; and the stalks of (9) *Woody Nightshade* were used by German apothecaries for medicinal purposes in the sixteenth century.



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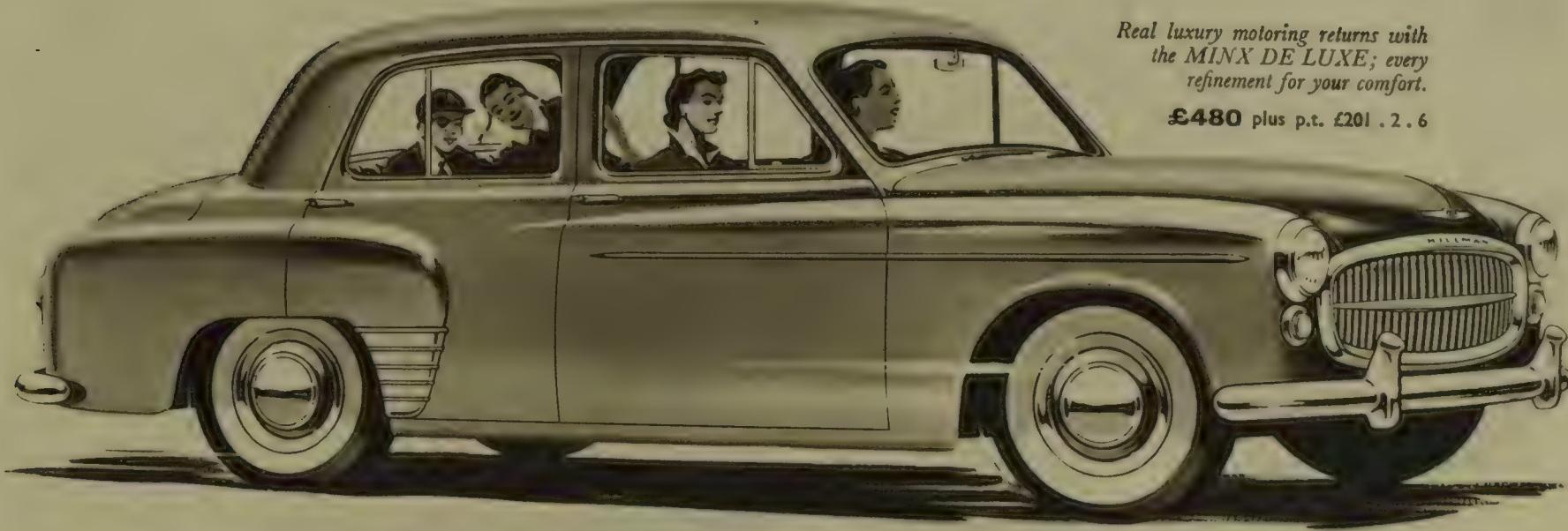
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*Actual extract from unsolicited letter recently received. D.C.H. 22/2/54.*

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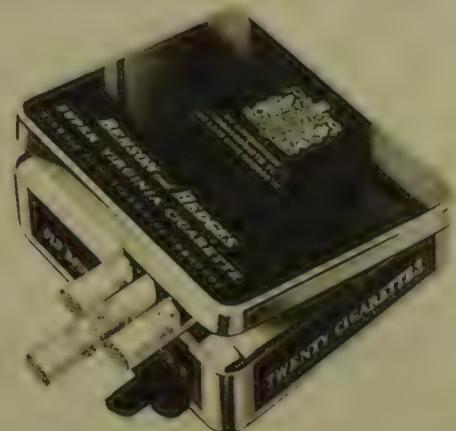
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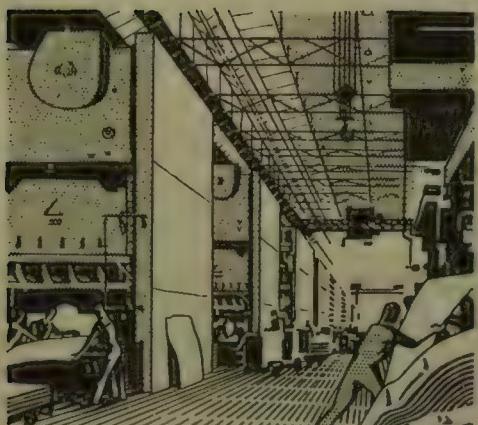


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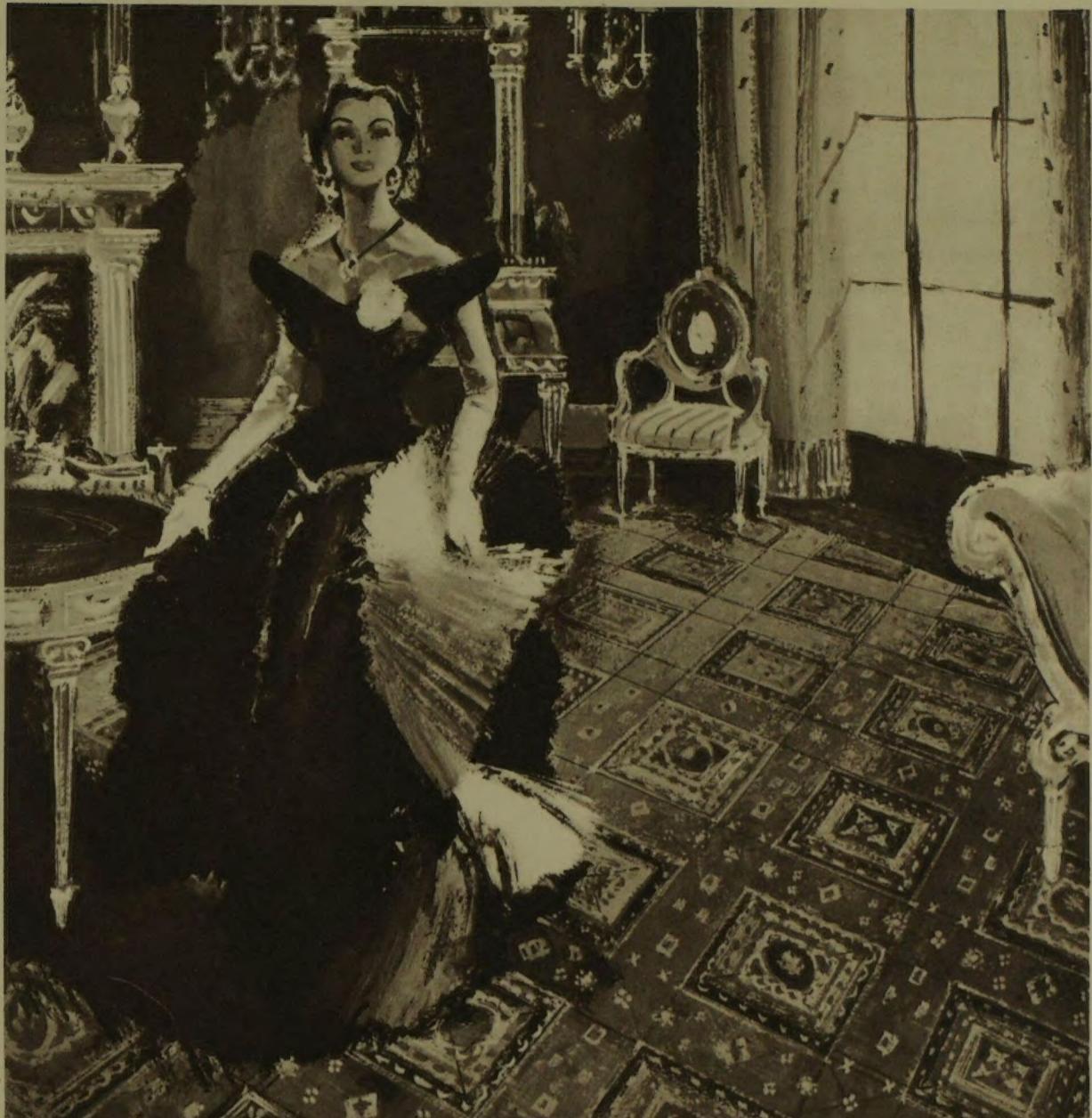
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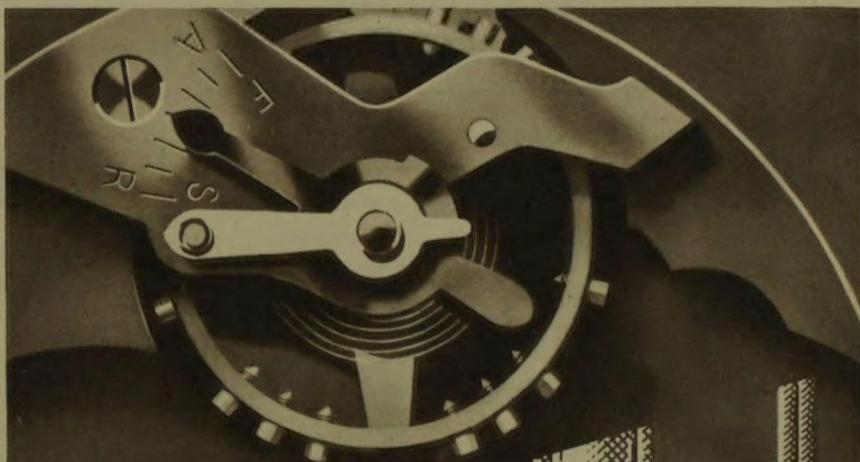
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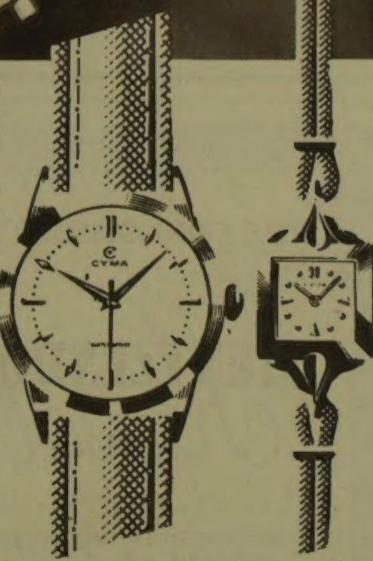
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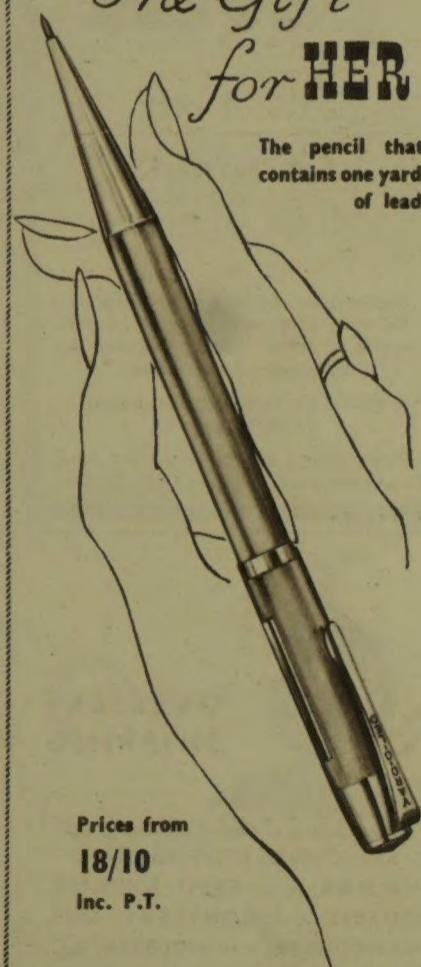
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